

Introducing:
Panel of Economists

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JUNE 9, 1980

\$1.00

PROBING THE JEWISH SOUL

Mordecai Richler's
new masterpiece





Polaroid is a registered trademark of Polaroid Corporation, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

Neither Pentax, nor Nikon, nor Canon,
can create Photographic Art
like Polaroid can.

Presenting state-of-the-art photography. The Polaroid SX-70 AutoFocus. Far no other single lens reflex camera in the world can do everything it does. It focuses automatically at the speed of sound. Faster than any other camera. It focuses automatically everywhere because it's controlled by an electronic auto computer inside the camera. It provides through-the-lens viewing for precise composition of your masterpiece. It automatically adjusts shutter speeds in daylight, for flash, or time exposure situations (1/180 to 1/4 seconds).

It automatically adjusts shutter 1-stops (1/60 to 1/720). It allows you to photograph from 30.4 inches to infinity with no lens changes.

It allows you to shoot action sequences every 1.5 seconds with an automatic film advance. Something you pay extra for on any other fine single lens reflex camera.

In fields, it's easy to carry, easy to pack. It gives you everything other fine cameras do and something they can never give you. Magnificent pictures, instantly.



Polaroid SX-70 AutoFocus.

Polaroid® and SX-70 are registered trademarks of Polaroid Corporation, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A. © Polaroid Corporation 1980

Editorial

Yearning for an inheritance and good skiing conditions



By Peter G. Newman

Only three weeks earlier, when tubes had been curling in and out of him everywhere like escaped spaghetti, Dr. Morley Zippor had gruffly pressed his hand and asked, "Can you hear me, Jack?"

In response, Joshua had blinked his eyes.

"You're lucky to be alive."

"I'll be the judge of that," Joshua thought.

That's a fairly typical passage from Mardecai Richler's latest best seller, the subject of this issue's cover story by Roy MacGregor (page 48). Like Richler's previous novels, it is the chronicle of a Montreal man-child's sexual misadventures, vocational follies and inevitable consequences. What gives Richler's prose real bite is its deep and sometimes painful probe into the Jewish soul. His distorting exaggerations and flights of fancy aside, Richler's acidic satires capture both the agony and joy of being Jewish in Canada.

Even though some of their best friends may be wipers, Canada's estimated 300,000 Jews exist in a world unto themselves. ("I was just born a Hebe like some guys came into this world with a clubfoot or a stammer," one of Richler's characters complains.) Unlike those Canadians rooted for generations in their French or British traditions—being Jewish means remaining constantly in flight and flux, searching for a

warm glow of security others may take for granted.

The assumption of strangers who view the Jewish community through a veil of preconception and prejudice is one of antiquity; the fact is one of frailty. It's all a question of assumed legitimacy. The upwardly mobile WASP has a choice: accept either the pleasures and burdens of reaching for authority and taken the chance of being corrupted by it, or he can run the risks of powerlessness and intolerance. Most thoughtful Jews don't feel they have that luxury. They operate on the principle that the guarantee of their continued freedom in Canada depends on how effectively they can make their public and private interests coincide. That's why Jewish contributions to so many of the country's cultural and philanthropic institutions run proportionately far above their numbers. They are among this country's most valuable citizens, warm, generous and amazingly productive, proud if slightly insecure about being Canadian. Or as Mardecai Richler would have it: "Canadian-born [but] nameless felt as if he were condemned to legs start-showered through this world that confused him. One shoulder sloping downwards, graining under the weight of his Jewish heritage... the other thrust heavens, yearning for an inheritance, any inheritance, weightier than the construction of a transcontinental railway, a reputation for honest trading, good skiing conditions."

Maclean's

Editor

Lyle C. Newson

Managing Editor

B. J. O. S. W. S. W.

Deputy Managing Editor

John P. W.

Senior Editors

John P. W.

Editorial Board

John P. W.

Editorial Board

John P. W.

Editorial Board

John P. W.

Editorial Board

John P. W.

Editorial Board

John P. W.

Editorial Board

John P. W.

Editorial Board

John P. W.

Editorial Board

John P. W.

Editorial Board

John P. W.

Editorial Board

John P. W.

Editorial Board

John P. W.

Contributors

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

Editorial

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

John P. W.

JUNE 9, 1980

An old pilot awaits a mission

By Eric Silver

In one of the lesser salons of last week's ministerial exchange between Ezer Weizman and Moshele Begin, the departing Israeli defense minister bragged: "I did not devote time to building political power. I devoted all my time to the defense establishment and the peace process with Egypt. If I had wanted to undermine the prime minister, I would have succeeded in this effort (the most right-wing of Israel's major political parties) and created a strong body of support."

However unwittingly, Weizman's claim was eloquent. He was explaining his own failure but missing the lesson he ought to have drawn from it. If Weizman was indeed jettisoning Begin's domain, as the beleaguered premier alleged, he was a sadly inept conspirator. The defense minister resigned without a single ally. No other cabinet member or coalition MP was ready to go to the stake with him, or for him. Once it was clear that he had craved well over his office and really meant to go, not one colleague begged him to stay.

Perhaps Weizman spent too much of his life in uniform—from the time he joined the RAF as an 18-year-old flying enthusiast in 1945, to his retirement as deputy chief of staff of the Israeli defense forces in 1968. Much like Yitzhak Rabin, another general turned politician, Weizman disdained, or at best neglected, the earthy skills of democratic politics. Neither of them had the patience or the appetite for the chores of their second profession, the cultivation of political friends, men of conviction and men of power. Their military world was a meritocracy. You won your promotion. War is too serious for Israelis to earn it by brooding or connections. And once you had it, you were respected and obeyed. The chain of command was clear.

Politics are more of a mere device. Rabin, who is now trying to regain the Labor party leadership he forfeited three years ago, is becoming more expert. Weizman never really tried. His formidable assets were left to rust. Opponent polls showed him consistently far ahead of any other minister, including Begin, in popularity. It ought to have given him leverage, if not to prevent Begin then at least to influence policy. After waiting 20 years for office, Likud politicians do not wish losing it so quickly.

In Israel's fragmented coalition system you don't even need big battalions to exercise power. The Likud bloc, for instance, has 40 MPs and four factions, each operating as a separate party, each able to threaten the government's survival. Two ministers in the Begin cabinet illustrate the point. Yisgal Haviv, the youth finance minister whose demand for cuts in the defense budget was the last straw for Weizman, leads a splinter of the Labor party that found a home in the Likud. The justice minister, Shimon Tamiel,

leads a splinter of a splinter of Begin's Meretz which virtually took over Yisgal Tadmor's crumbling democratic movement. Nobody voted for them, but they cobbled together two factions and are forces to be reckoned with.

Yet Weizman was isolated for all his advantages of birth (his uncle Chaim was the first president), record (he transformed the Israeli Air Force from a collection of war-surplus kits into a modern strike arm) and compulsion (he managed the Likud's victorious election program in 1977).

His resignation poses no immediate danger to Begin's government, unless the prime minister bungles the succession. In principle, he can wait another 18 months before giving to the country. Assuming Begin's chances are really endorsed, the cabinet team will be more rapid and more predictable. There will be none of the challenges represented by Weizman and Moshe Duviri in the creative phase of the peace negotiations. Israel, in the damning terms of Weizman's resignation letter, will go on marking time. The trouble is, indications are that Egypt will not wait.

If Yitzhak Shamir moves from the foreign ministry to defense and Yitzhak Mordechai from energy to foreign affairs, the three key posts below Begin will all be held by men who have registered their reservations, at one time or another, about the peace process. Shamir obtained in the Knesset (parliament) vote to ratify the Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty, Mordechai demonstratively "did not vote" when the cabinet approved the Camp David Agreement, and Harari resigned to trade and industry minister in protest at Begin's decision to evict Jewish settlers from Sinai.

And what of Weizman's future? He is, after all, still a vigorous 56. In a farewell meeting with his top brain, he said he would fly again, though he was not sure when and in what plane. For the time being, he says, he will stay in the Ezer movement and on the Likud benches in the Knesset.

Even before last week's resignation, there were contacts between Weizman and the Labor leader, Shimon Peres. If Weizman crossed the border, it would save at least one of Peres' dilemmas—how to deny Rabin the defense ministry in a future Labor government. At the same time, the newly tested prospects of a realignment of the active have evaporated. Weizman's potential allies, the Likud liberals, have swung to the right under Mordechai, who contrived a palace revolution last month. Perhaps he will have to wait until after the general election, from which the Likud may emerge bleeding and discredited. Begin will retire to write his memoirs. Somebody will have to create, then consume, a credible opposition. Who better than Weizman? But he will need to stop talking at people and start talking to them.

Eric Silver is Maclean's correspondent in Jerusalem.



Begin, Weizman isolated despite high birth.

Good taste is why you buy it.

To create the unique taste of Ballantine's Scotch we age it until its flavour is fully developed. And our master blender is the judge of that precise moment when the flavour peaks.

It's your assurance that every bottle of Ballantine's measures up to our worldwide standard of excellence. One sip and you'll know why discerning Scotch drinkers around the world choose Ballantine's. The reason. *Ballantine's* good taste.

EVERY IMPRESSION SAYS THEY SHOULD COST MORE.



The styling is tight and concise. And everything fits into place. That's the immediate thing you notice when you first see an Accord Hatchback or Sedan. And upon closer inspection that impression grows. The finish is refined. The detailing is impeccable. These are no run-of-the-mill imports, or mass-produced domestics; these are finely crafted automobiles in the truest sense of the word. That's your first impression, and that impression says they should cost more.

Inside, the impression continues. The detailing and finishing inside are as impeccable as they are outside. The fully reclining bucket seats are con-



toured and comfortable.

There's a remote control to open the trunk or hatchback. The Sedan has a remote control to operate the rear door locks. There's even a coin box on the dash for parking change.

From the driver's point of view, they're driver's cars. With everything falling immediately to hand. And to eye, with a tachometer, speedometer and the other necessary lights and gauges to tell you what's happening, when.

From the passenger's point of view, they're passenger cars. With cloth faced seats for winter

warmth. A heating and ventilation system that distributes warm or cool air evenly throughout the car. And a standard AM/FM sound system.

Once again, those impressions say the cars

should cost more. Next comes the 'raison d'être': driving an Accord. The 5-speed transmission (or the optional Hondamatic with overdrive), the 1.6 litre OHV engine, the front wheel drive, the rack and pinion steering, and the fully independent suspension all add up to a driving experience that has to be experienced.

These are the impressions that you get from an Accord Hatchback or Sedan. But they could lead you to a false conclusion, that the cars cost more than they actually do.

If you compare an Accord to an equally equipped domestic you'll find it's priced quite low.

And compared to most European imports you'll find the Accords priced surprisingly low.

HATCHBACK AND SEDAN.



*MSRP. Dealer sets price. Excludes taxes, license, title, and destination charge. Dealer sets options.

We're not shipshape

By John D. Hartman

I watch the modern cargo ships of Brazil coming up the St. Lawrence Seaway and into our Great Lakes and wonder why this vast Latin American nation, with a long Atlantic coast like our own, can have a deeper seaboard fleet, where we cannot. I chase Brazil from the approximately 30 countries whose ships carry almost all imports to our shores because it has created a merchant navy in less than 20 years under circumstances that are ideal for developing one here.

In many ways, especially economically, Brazil is a Canada of the south. We are geographically the two largest countries in the Western Hemisphere. We both need means of foreign capital to build resource-based and manufacturing industries and have relied almost entirely on foreign shipping to move our growing export volume and to meet our high demands for imported goods. Last year, Canada's shipping charges on imports reached about \$3 billion. But the Brazilians, unlike us, have decided to end their reliance on foreign ships and on the so-called shipping conferences of their owners who increase cargo-carrying rates without informing involved governments.

In 1962, Brazil accordingly introduced a scheme (which could work as well in Canada) to finance both a national fleet and an active shipbuilding industry by using a so-called "additional freight tax" of 50 per cent on all cargoes imported by sea into Brazil, half of which goes to a merchant marine renaissance fund and half for financing new shipyards. These funds are managed by a government shipping agency and are available to domestic shipbuilders at low rates of interest repayable over a seven- to 10-year period. The plan has worked so well that today Brazil is the second largest shipbuilding nation in the Western Hemisphere after the United States. Brazilian-built cargo vessels are now sold even to West Germany, one of the traditionally great European shipbuilding nations. In shipping, the Brazilian record is what a sense of national will and a national priority can accomplish, a lesson we shouldn't have to learn from again.

Transportation needs and Canadian identity have been synonymous since our founding. No Canadian would argue against the case that a transcontinental railway had to be built in the 1860s to bind the young Canada together as a nation. If we haven't forgotten this, we have all but forgotten our immense role in the Second World War as a supplier of cargo vessels and warships for ourselves and our allies.

During the Second World War we built a Royal Canadian Navy which, in terms of number of ships (most of them small corvettes and minesweepers), was the fourth largest in the world by mid-1944. We built hundreds of merchant ships too, based on the simple prewarboard

designs of the offshore "Liberty"-type cargo vessel, maintaining a few of them for sometime after the war until they were scrapped or sold off. In the mid-1950s, we designed and built one of the world's outstanding antineutrino warfare (ANW) ships. The HMCS St. Laurent class, which went into service in the Royal Canadian Navy in 1955, was applauded by the world's media as unique for its time. How much have we read or heard about the St. Laurents in those years compared, for instance, to the articles, films and ten-journal letters-to-the-editor about the demise of the Arco Arrow? We talked and reasoned over the Arrow disaster but forgot our major accomplishment at sea—the St. Laurents. The last October, 1975, St. Laurent was in the water in the shipbuilders in Dartmouth, not because she had failed, but because her quarter-century of useful service was finally done.

Now we stand on the verge of another era of great maritime transportation sea-based primarily on the future requirements of Arctic transport. We will need new ships different from those we have designed and built successfully in the past. They will have to include bigger and much more powerful icebreakers than we now operate, the so-called Type 19 icebreakers. These will have to plow the long route through Arctic ice across the top of our country. New types of heavy-duty barges and tugs will have to be designed to move out high Arctic oil and liquefied natural gas. We will also want our present Great Lakes shipping industry to expand into North Atlantic trade by substantially altering the design and some of the cargo-carrying size of ships operated by the member firms of the Dominion Marine Association. Indeed, the existence of the DMA means we will not

begin from scratch, since the ships of its various members are familiar to us as the long, nose-shaped Great Lakes grain and ore carriers which currently represent about 2.6 million deadweight tons under the Canadian flag. Very few of them can operate in the North Atlantic.

The big argument against all this, of course, will be the cost. And yes, it's going to cost a lot of money to open up the nation's third and last sea frontier—Canada, like any shipping nation, will need the resources of both government and private industry to make a shipping policy work. There are also overseas benefits from expanding our shipping industries again. Like the Brazilians, we will find that other countries want to buy more of our ships, offering an additional new export possibility for the 1980s.

Last year Argentina, with similar Antarctic polar sea interests to ours in the Arctic, bought one of the world's most modern icebreakers from Finland. I asked the Finnish architect who designed her why Canadians didn't get the contract. "Because," he said, "you weren't there."

John D. Hartman is the senior editors analyst for Thomson Newspapers Ltd.



"We will need new ships different from those in the past"

You've got a right to equal pay for doing substantially the same work as a man.

In fact, you've got a law.

Getting paid the same as a man when you're doing substantially the same work is the law in Ontario. The trouble is, very few female employees haven't been paid according to the law for one reason or another.

Examples

It's not good enough for employers to set wage rates on the basis of job title or to use minor differences in work to justify differences in pay.

For example, men employed as clerks may have to do some purchasing of plant equipment or supplies, perhaps, while a woman clerk may do the purchasing of smaller items—stationery, office needs, etc. But minor differences such as looking up at night, handling dirty cash or lifting heavier loads do not make a substantial difference in the job and do not necessarily entitle the man to a higher rate of pay. The law states that when a woman is doing substantially the same work as a man she must be paid the same.

What "substantially the same" means

To clarify it for you, substantially the same means that the skill, effort, responsibility and working conditions required for the work are similar and any difference in these are of a minor nature.

In considering skill, attention is paid to factors

such as experience, training and education required to do the work. In considering effort, attention is paid to the degree of physical or mental exertion required to do the work. And in considering responsibility, attention is paid to the degree of accountability to others in doing the work.

Enforcement of the law

To enforce the equal pay law, the government of Ontario has added extra staff to the Employment Standards Branch. This job is to make spotchecks into businesses across the province, to audit pay practices and to investigate complaints made by you to the Ministry of Labour.

Equal pay for equal work. It's your right. And it's the law.

If you want more information or feel you have a valid complaint, call or write your local Employment Standards Branch of the Ontario Ministry of Labour.

Paying a woman less than a man for doing substantially the same work isn't just unfair, it's illegal.



Ontario
Ministry of
Labour

Employment
Standards
Branch

Robert G. Dyer, M.P.
Minister



Puerto Vallarta



MEXICO

So close. But so far away
from everyday.

It doesn't take a long journey to guarantee a long list of extraordinary adventures. All it takes is a visit to nearby Mexico. Come, climb our pyramids, then explore the depths of our underwater wonderlands. Sail away to one of our jungle paradises. Lead the way through the twisting, tantalizing streets of our romantic old towns.

It doesn't take forever...it certainly doesn't take a fortune ...to discover that fabulous vacation called Mexico.



 **MEXICAN GOVERNMENT
TOURISM OFFICE**
101 Robinson St., Mexico Suite 1012
Toronto, Ontario M5N 2E1

Please send me your newest
brochure "Mexico, The Amazing
Country"

Name

Address

City

Prov. (Please print)

See your  Travel Agent

MEXICO

THE AMAZING COUNTRY

Ministerio de Turismo - Secretaría Nacional de Turismo



A jail out in the open

By Paul Gheacoe

A teen-aged girl in tight jeans stood admiring a prisoner's messengers on display in the four-story Deane where 200 inmates had rioted in 1963. A baby girl in a buggy dragged her milk bottle outside the room where guards had killed prison classification officer Mary Stenhouse during a hostage drama in 1975. And a woman with an instantaneous took a picture of her brother-in-law mugging behind bars in the corridor of the east wing which prisoners had demolished during a \$1.8-million rampage in 1978.

In the week before Sullivan-General Robert Kaplan officially closed the maximum-security British Columbia Penitentiary last month, more than 1,000 Vancouver visitors a day bled an outdoor playground to the 100-year-old, turn-of-the-century fortress on prime hillside land above the Fraser River in the Greater Vancouver city of New Westminster. The city would like some of the 654 acres for parkland and housing, and there's talk of preserving the more classic buildings as a heritage site.

A symbol of Canada's cracking correction system, the decrepit prison is the first of four 19th-century federal penitentiaries to be phased out, with Leval (near Montreal), Kingston and Dorchester (near Montreal) to follow.



B.C. Pen (above): writing on the wall symbol of a crumbling corrections system

The pen has been described by a commentator of penitentiaries as "the worst," and by former solicitor-general Warren Allmand as "the Black Hole of Calcutta." Since 1968 Ottawa has announced its imminent closure 26 times.

It had neither a dining room (inmates ate alone in their cells) nor outdoor

lighting for exercise after dark. Its modern successor does. The Kent maximum-security penitentiary at Agassiz, 90 miles east of Vancouver, opened 19 months ago and now holds 155 inmates. Despite its relative newness, Kent has already suffered a brief hostage taking, a cell-smashing spree and a one-month prisoners' strike.

Still, Kent would have to do a heap of hard time to match the B.C. Pen's checkered past. An escapee who killed a guard there was executed on the grounds in 1913, the only inmate ever hanged at a federal prison. During the early '60s, convicts working in the prison's fashioned phony identification cards for a nationwide forged cheque ring, and an underground kingdom managed much of Vancouver's heroin import trade from his cell. In 1968 an off-duty B.C. Pen guard opened a bootlegged Christmas package which blew his eyes off and blinded his 16-year-old son in one eye. Two years later eight prisoners won their B.C. Supreme Court action arguing that long-term detention in the pen's solitary confinement unit—which sometimes included beatings and tear-gas attacks—was tantamount to cruel and unusual punishment under the Canadian Bill of Rights. One of the eight was the charismatic Andy Beale, serving a life sentence for murdering a nightclub dancer; he had been involved in three hostage-takings and last year, the day before his transfer to Ontario's Millhaven, he slashed a guard in the arm with a razor blade.

At its most crowded in 1961, when inmates had to sleep in corridors, the

Health runs in the family.

(A HEALTHFUL REMINDER FROM OCCIDENTAL LIFE)

Run for the health of it.

There's one kind of life insurance you have to sell yourself on. It's called good health. Running is one of the best and most popular ways there is of getting it and maintaining it.

We're Occidental Life, and we sell the other kind of life insurance: Good health and an Occidental Life policy together offer you and your family the most complete protection possible.



Dr. Robert Kerlan and Dr. Frank Jobe are two of the leading experts in exercise and sports medicine. They and their professional associates at the National Athletic Health Institute® (NAHI) have written a booklet called "Exercise Your Right to Life".

It's an activity outline that discusses exercise and physical fitness in general.



The booklet won't cost you anything except the time it takes to write us at the address: Occidental Life Insurance Company of California, P.O. Box 69, Statens K, Toronto, Ontario M1P 2G4.

Why are we doing this?

We're one of North America's leading life insurance companies. And naturally, we have a selfish interest in prolonging your life.

We're the pioneer in developing term insurance, the ideal affordable insurance for the first time buyer.

And our agents are professionals who can provide you with the right policy for the right time all during your life. Whether it be an individual policy or a group or business plan.

Use this series of ads to get you started on something that's good for you.

We want you with us.

NAHI is a nonprofit 501(c)(3) private foundation in Orange, California. Occidental Life Insurance Company of California, P.O. Box 69, Statens K, Toronto, Ontario M1P 2G4. This advertisement should not be taken as an endorsement by NAHI or Occidental Life.

Occidental Life
A Transamerica Company

prison held 300 more men than the 400 for which it was designed. Eighty since Feb. 14, it appeared strangely peaceful during the public tour, with violet lilacs blooming on lawns where prisoners once tried to ignore the 1000-ohm mic GRASS SIGNS. But there were still scars from the violence that became synonymous with the B.C. Pen's two final destructive decades of life.

Adjusting walls in the east wing remains connected by ceiling-high holes that genomes welding steelbars and iron onto punched through the brick walls. A graffiti on one wall records "B.C.P. Taken Over, 26/76" and another remarks, with gallows humor, "MURDER: We have had better days—a pre-today for instance." The Super Maximum Security Unit, Canada's first institutional green-and-yellow cells for dangerous prisoners, the Andy Brown and those in solitary "is alive with pencil maulers, wall paintings and sometimes peevish inscriptions. *My eternal soul/forever your promise/In spite of the night alone and the day on me. And, God please give Me I don't Take It No More The End Is Near*

The pen opened in 1978 in the walls of the B.C. gold rush, and the warden for the first 25 convicts was a provincial premier's father, Arthur McFadden, who packed a shotgun, accompanied in a waiting stick. There were escapes as early as 1980 when a shipboard robber named Martin Rowland scaled a five-foot jacket fence in front of an armed guard. Bill Miner, who masterminded Canada's first train robbery and invented the phrase "Blacks Up"—was 68 when he and three others dug a hole under the prison fence and escaped in 1987.

A 51-year-old ex-convict nicknamed Red scored the prison the month and revealed his three escape attempts in the pen for armed robbery and possession of stolen goods. His first streak was at 17, just after a 1946 prison strike protesting inferior food led inmates then could's receive between 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. "He was tough, those years," Red says in a muted voice. "They told what they called 'death sentences' even looking sideways at scurrying could get you three days in the hole." His baptism in solitary totalled 14 of his first 36 months in prison. Only ration was unsalted porridge, six slices of bread and water, he read the Bible, his only book, 34 times, and a dried flaked tobacco in wafer paper down to live through the toilet system. Because he had heart palpitations, Red couldn't be placed on the padded table where recalcitrant prisoners were lashed with a leather strap studded with holes which trapped and wove the skin in. "They said the five base on me. They nearly killed me down there, I was

just black and blue from the force of the water. The doctor poked at them to stop."

There were ways of beating the system: using hand signals to play silent checkers between cells, paying a guard \$20 to smuggle an unmonitored letter, even digging a hole in the field to the west of the pen and leaving a piece of sod as a signal for a friend on the outside to drop money there. But a despairing



Warden room (left) corridor, cell number "The Black Hole of Calcutta"

the abduction with a screwdriver, that hijacked the ambulance that came for him. Reassured, he later slit the throat of a guard and tried to escape with four other convicts, including Andy Brown. That same day, a 19-year-old inmate, a Pakistani photo of the guard in hospital to prove that he hadn't killed him.

Another convicted escapee was Cliff Olson, who in 1965 leaped from the window of a Vancouver hospital where he was convalescing. Recaptured, he left the B.C. Pen legally last January under eight months of mandatory supervision, a parole he refused. This month Olson was charged with impaired driving. A few days later, still free, he made an emotional visit to the penitentiary during open-house week. RCMP officers guarded him, caging his old cell and they showed police—who had just learned that Olson was wanted for parole violation. He was picked up before he could walk out the open gates of the pen. ◇

Follow-up

Apology from an atheist

In one of its most controversial landmark decisions, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in June 1983 that American public schools were violating the civil rights of atheists by having students hear a Bible reading or recite the Lord's Prayer. As a result, religion and prayer were banned from state-supported schools, and 13-year-old William J. Murray and his mother, Madeline, gained a certain notoriety among the church-going public. For it was the Marriage who took the anti-prayer case to the highest court in the land. Both mother and son were active atheists and they claimed that William, then a high-school student in Baltimore, Maryland, was being adversely affected by morning prayers.

Last month, however, William, now 24, wrote to the *Shelburne Star* saying that he wanted "to apologize to the people of the city of Baltimore" for his role in removing "Bible reading and prayer from the public schools of the city." He called the court case a mistake, and added, "It is only with a return to our traditional values and our faith in God that we will be able to survive as a people. If I were within my personal power to help to return this nation to its rightful place by placing God back in the classroom I would do so."

Murray lives in Houston and is married with a young daughter who, he says, is being raised in a home "very different" from the one in which he grew up in Baltimore. In a recent interview he said his beliefs began to change about five years ago. "It was then I got the surprise of my life, [discovering that] atheism is a completely negative philosophy. I began to see the tremendous amount of effort—the power, the miracle—of people who have some kind of faith."

Murray has not been in touch with his mother for four years, because of various disagreements. On learning of his conversion and of the letter to the *Shelburne Star*, she simply said, "Pretty strange. That's not who you can receive on William J. Murray is anything other than an atheist."

William Lowther



Schenley O.F.C.:
the only 8-Year Old that's guaranteed right on the back of the bottle.

Canadian law requires distillers to place a stamp on their whisky bottles showing the year the whisky was distilled. With Schenley O.F.C., we go a lot further. We certify that our whisky has been aged in charred white oak casks, for a full 8 years. We believe 8 years is a perfect aging time for whisky. When it reaches its prime for a smooth, mellow taste.

Schenley O.F.C. The 8-year old that's guaranteed.

CANADIAN SCHENLEY DISTILLERS LTD.

The honorable tradition of Deep Throat reporting

The Watergate scandal of the early 1970s rocked the United States, ousted Richard Nixon from the presidency and made careers of two young reporters and one Washington Post editor. Woodward and Carl Bernstein, who were credited with spearheading the investigation. Their books, *All the President's Men* and *The Final Days*, made the best-seller lists for months and were followed by a popular movie with Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman as the "Woodward" team. Now the Post's assistant managing editor for metropolitan news, Woodward, 37, is, *in essence*, another John

the legacy is one of investigative reporting, reporters out of control, digging around looking for dirt on everyone. That has just not turned out to be the case. There's too little investigative reporting—I really don't like that term—too little in-depth reporting. People still do the quick and dirty, the press conference, instead of going around talking to everyone and getting a real sense of what's going on. **Maclean's:** Why don't you take the term out of your lexicon?

Wheatland: Well, it sounds like you have to find wrongdoing. I don't think reporters should ever be sent out to find wrongdoing. I think they should be sent out to obtain a description of whatever is really happening.

Maclean's: How would you describe the style of journalism that you and Bernstein brought?

Woodward: You mean not calling scorpions? We didn't begin it. It's got a long and honorable tradition. A lot of journalists in America in the 1930s were doing it. When Franklin Roosevelt tried to pack the Supreme Court, for example, Joe Alsop, who later became one of the best-known columnists in America, and Turner Catledge, who became editor of *The New York Times*,

wrote a book together using exactly the same style we used in *The Final Days* and *The Beethovens*. There's a fiction in journalism that if something's on the record, the journalist has really done a

good job is often to the extent of the matter that, in fact, if somebody's lying on the record, as so many public officials do, it's not as if it would be a disaster. It's actually a good crisis-management strategy not naming the sources. If you go to people and say, "Listen, I'm not going to name you as the one telling the truth story but I am going to check it and verify it and see if I can document it," you're serving the consumers of your information. You're giving them a much better chance of giving them the truth. But when your source's version turns out to be contrary to what people are saying on the official record, you're putting your professional reputation on the line. So it's not easy; it's much harder than it looks. But I think it's worth pursuing for that it's on the cheap and not many sources I totally backbite.

Macrae's But isn't telling a source that he or she will not be named just giving them carte blanche to be slanderous?

Woodward: No, because you're going to go back and beat them over the head if what they say doesn't check out. You make that very clear. So it doesn't give them an opportunity to be slanderous—it gives them an opportunity to tell what's really going on.

Madame's: How can you possibly verify information from these secret sources?

Woodward: The same way police reporters do every day. You find out who else is involved. If it's an allegation of wrongdoing or improper behavior,

against somebody, you go to that person and ask them to give their side. It's very easy, very basic, but it takes more time.

Mostean's: Have there ever been any real gems of information that you felt certain were true but could not verify?

Woodin ■ All sorts of things that someone said—they saw this, they witnessed that—but others denied and we couldn't use. I'll give you one example because it didn't involve wrongdoing. It's a terrific story but I'm not sure it's true. The day before Nelson was released, when he was obviously emotionally charged and distraught, he got up in the middle of the night and said he was going for a walk. He ordered the Secret Service not to follow him. He just walked out the White House main en-

they lost him. It was the night they lost the president of the United States. A couple hours later, he walked back in and they never found out where he'd been. Now I don't know whether that's true or not. Somebody who was in a position to know, and whom I trust, said it happened. But we never used it as a book or article.

Wachsmuth: Yes, and your co-author have been accused of practicing deception in researching *The Brothers*. How did you all come up with that?

woodward There's been a great mix

conception and it's partly our fault. A lot of people have written about the massive treason of the Supreme Court clerks. In fact, there was no treason. A good number of the justices themselves opened the door for our investigation. Some of them spent hours allowing us

to interview them and even provided us with the names and addresses of their former clerks. And the hundreds of documents we quoted from have all been authenticated—nobody's questioning that. How or where we got them is irrelevant and we proved that we weren't quoting out of context. So I think it's a specious issue. The question is the quality and usefulness of the information.

Woodward: Interestingly enough, I'm in that situation right now. A reporter for a big magazine in Washington has spent about three months talking to people about me. In a staff meeting, I told people that I believed in the First Amendment, with no footnotes or exceptions, and if they wanted to spend the time, they should go ahead and talk. I don't think people should be afraid of their secrets.

Maclean's: Are you ever going to reveal the identity of Deep Throat like the big secret source in the Watergate case?

Woodward Traditionally, this kind of thing does not come out for a long time. I remember talking recently to Pierre Salinger, who was Jack Kennedy's press secretary. I asked him to name the six most devastating leaks during the Kennedy presidency and whether he knew

the sources of any of them. And he said, "No, but even more, 15 or more years later, I'd give my right arm to know." This kind of information just does not come out. And as a journalist I protect it because confidential sources are really our lifeline to a better version of the truth than that provided by the normal public relations apparatus of government.

Woodward: My feeling is that we don't find out what really happens that often. I remember listening to Senator Frank Church, who headed the investigation into intelligence agencies in the U.S. a number of years ago. He was giving a speech and he said "The truth always comes out. We can feel very confident that we will always learn what's at the bottom of it all." In a profession like journalism, I think that's true. In fact, defiance is rare, and something we can count on. There is no department of truth. Besides, I think being a journalist is the best job there is. ☺



interest. The Brethren, a study of the U.S. Supreme Court which he wrote with journalist Scott Armstrong, has been a best seller since its publication last December. But the journalist's technique of both writing teams—where the identity of many key sources is not divulged—is the subject of more controversy. Toronto writer Terry Padden spoils with Woodward last month about the ethics of not naming names.

Mustian: What is the journalistic legacy of the Watergate investigation?

Woodward: Well, a lot of people think



A breath of fresh air
in downtown Toronto.
With a breathtaking
view of the Lake.
From every room.

Have a good night
with Hilton.

Toronto Hilton
Harbour Castle

For reservations call your Travel Agent, any Hilton or CH hotel, or Hilton Reservation Service.

You don't close your eyes when you drive a car... so why should you when you buy one?

TOYOTA COROLLA
Stylish as tomorrow.
Practical as today.
It's in a class by itself!

Introducing the new shape of tomorrow: Toyota Corolla.

Its sleek, sporty styling shows careful attention to aerodynamics. Low sloping hood. Sharp, high-hipped rear end. Air-dam front spoiler and a wedge shape that slices the air cleanly — all of which adds up to better fuel economy.

The 1.8 litre engine is powerful yet thrifty. Both manual and automatic transmissions are available. And of course you get that same low-breakdown reliability Corolla is so well known for.

Toyota Corolla offers you new small car comfort, too. With new seats, luxurious trim, colour-coordinated upholstery, superior fresh-air ventilation, and plenty of room for driver and passengers. When you need extra space, the rear seatbacks fold down as well.

MacPherson strut front suspension and 4-link, coil-spring rear suspension (except wagons) guarantee a smooth ride, while the steering is positive but light.

Great features of the new Corolla include side moldings, full carpeting, clock, bi-level heater and radio (SRS only) and the legendary Toyota quality, too.

Toyota Corolla. Engineered to be dependable... and practical. It's in a class by itself: sedan, liftback, coupe, or wagon.

THINK IT OVER.

TOYOTA





Letters

Springtime for Hitler

The "fascination with history" attributed by Paul Winkler to playful military games (*The Art of War for Fun and Profit*, Recreation, April 25) would be more appropriate were it to include some knowledge of the facts Hitler invaded Russia in 1941, not a year later.

K. C. ANDER, KIMBERLY, ONT.

If you believe, clap your hands!

In his good review of Kawasaki's *Last Chance* (April 25) *Where is Love With Da Shogun* (Book, April 25), David Winkler writes "We learn that all the machinations of the plot—including those involving Japanese—are due to the den of machines, which lets August get away with everything. Not so. Each separate machine is

War games people play, 'not a year later'

the plot can be read as having been caused by real ineptness, the multinational or the bank robber Timothy Haskins I believe in the experience itself. But there are people in the world who don't, and they have to be provided with practical alternative explanations or they become insecure and upset.

THE NEWSPAPER, MONTREAL

The high cost of sheepskin

In Cheryl Hawken's article *The Doctor Forgets His Rats* (Canada, April 25), she expressed a fear that rising university tuition fees may prevent lower-income high school graduates from attending university. Being a student myself, I personally know several students who are able to live quite comfortably despite the fact that their parents live below the poverty line. Consequently I am not sure that the 15-per-cent tuition increase to Ontario universities will make a post-secondary education less accessible to the poor. However, I am concerned about the optional 10-

per-cent increase that can be added to the 15 per cent. Most schools have tried to keep the increase in the minimum 15-per-cent jump, but some, such as Toronto, have raised total tuition by as much as 146 per cent. Schools such as U of T will then have more funds to provide equipment and instructors, while schools that have tried to give the students a break will be unable to provide the same quality of education due to belt tightening. If such a two-tier system of accreditation were to develop, then the goal of providing equal opportunities to a quality education through government subsidies would be lost.

PETER SCHAEFER, KITCHENER, ONT.

Deaths and entrances

Your writer asks if the latest asbestos ban in school environments is a "media event" (*Asbestos Hits the Fan*, Canada, April 14). Most certainly not. The issue of asbestos use for universities purposes, such as in building-spraying operations, has been noted repeatedly in the past 16 years by the Canadian labor movement and by concerned scientists. Asbestos is a persistent source of several types of cancer. Still, the material is needed for some industrial operations. Its use must be strictly controlled through stiff laws and active enforcement of such laws. Canadian law should ban totally the importation from South Africa of blue asbestos, which is the most dangerous type of asbestos fibre known in the world. Canadian law should require further that safe materials be substituted in place of asbestos wherever possible. Finally, Canadian law should severely limit the most recent acceptable levels of asbestos fibre in the environment to well below the two 5-fibre-per-cubic-centimetre now tolerated. A level of one-half fibre per cubic centimetre is technically feasible and should therefore be enforced immediately.

JUDITH MAJOR, EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT, CANADIAN LABOR COUNCILS, OTTAWA

Sex and the kidney basin

After reading Judith Thorne's review on Nancy Friday's version of her own sexual fantasies in her book, *Me or Love, Men's Sexual Fantasies: The Triumph of Love Over Rape* (*The Coast* Nov. 20, Book, April 25), I would like to cite Mrs. Friday's own phrase—"It makes you want to throw up." Your magazine, and in fact the whole world, could do very well without the sexual fantasies of Nancy Friday.

D. FIDYATSKY, NEW FOUNDAUD

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and must correspond to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 417 Denison St., Toronto, Ontario M5P 1L7.

If you tell Derek Oland Air Canada's service is terrific, HE'LL SAY "CHEERS."

When Derek Oland has business brewing out of town, he usually flies Air Canada.

Partly because of our schedule, Air Canada has many flights to major business centres more often than any other airline in Canada. Partly because of our track record, Air Canada's consistent on-time performance surpasses most of the top airlines in North America.

But mainly because of our service. Air Canada checks him in faster, seats him faster, delivers him his bags faster, offers him freshly prepared meals and generally treats him better than other airlines he could choose.

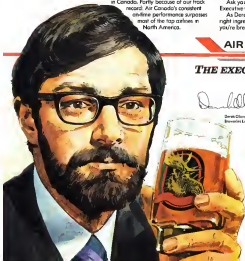
Ask your travel agent to give you the Executive Choice. No other airline has it. As Derek Oland says, "Combine the right ingredients in the right way and you're brewing a winner."

AIR CANADA

THE EXECUTIVE CHOICE

Derek Oland

Derek Oland, Executive Vice-President, Maclean's Publications Limited, Suite 100, 19 St. Catherine, W. 8.

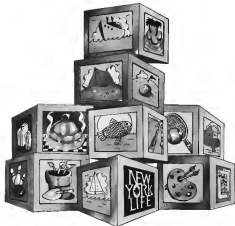


Subscribers' Moving Notice

Send correspondence to: Maclean's, Box 1020, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1B8

Name _____ My moving date is _____
New Address _____
City _____, Province _____
Postal code _____

My old address label is attached.
My subscription is for: ☐ 1 year (12 issues) ☐ 2 years (24 issues)
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me Maclean's. Send me 1 year (12 issues) for \$19.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 2 years (24 issues) for \$39.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 3 years (36 issues) for \$59.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 4 years (48 issues) for \$79.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 5 years (60 issues) for \$99.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 6 years (72 issues) for \$119.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 7 years (84 issues) for \$139.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 8 years (96 issues) for \$159.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 9 years (108 issues) for \$179.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 10 years (120 issues) for \$199.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 11 years (132 issues) for \$219.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 12 years (144 issues) for \$239.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 13 years (156 issues) for \$259.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 14 years (168 issues) for \$279.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 15 years (180 issues) for \$299.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 16 years (192 issues) for \$319.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 17 years (204 issues) for \$339.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 18 years (216 issues) for \$359.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 19 years (228 issues) for \$379.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 20 years (240 issues) for \$399.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 21 years (252 issues) for \$419.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 22 years (264 issues) for \$439.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 23 years (276 issues) for \$459.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 24 years (288 issues) for \$479.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 25 years (300 issues) for \$499.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 26 years (312 issues) for \$519.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 27 years (324 issues) for \$539.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 28 years (336 issues) for \$559.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 29 years (348 issues) for \$579.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 30 years (360 issues) for \$599.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 31 years (372 issues) for \$619.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 32 years (384 issues) for \$639.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 33 years (396 issues) for \$659.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 34 years (408 issues) for \$679.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 35 years (420 issues) for \$699.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 36 years (432 issues) for \$719.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 37 years (444 issues) for \$739.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 38 years (456 issues) for \$759.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 39 years (468 issues) for \$779.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 40 years (480 issues) for \$799.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 41 years (492 issues) for \$819.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 42 years (504 issues) for \$839.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 43 years (516 issues) for \$859.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 44 years (528 issues) for \$879.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 45 years (540 issues) for \$899.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 46 years (552 issues) for \$919.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 47 years (564 issues) for \$939.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 48 years (576 issues) for \$959.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 49 years (588 issues) for \$979.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 50 years (600 issues) for \$999.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 51 years (612 issues) for \$1019.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 52 years (624 issues) for \$1039.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 53 years (636 issues) for \$1059.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 54 years (648 issues) for \$1079.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 55 years (660 issues) for \$1099.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 56 years (672 issues) for \$1119.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 57 years (684 issues) for \$1139.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 58 years (696 issues) for \$1159.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 59 years (708 issues) for \$1179.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 60 years (720 issues) for \$1199.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 61 years (732 issues) for \$1219.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 62 years (744 issues) for \$1239.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 63 years (756 issues) for \$1259.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 64 years (768 issues) for \$1279.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 65 years (780 issues) for \$1299.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 66 years (792 issues) for \$1319.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 67 years (804 issues) for \$1339.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 68 years (816 issues) for \$1359.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 69 years (828 issues) for \$1379.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 70 years (840 issues) for \$1399.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 71 years (852 issues) for \$1419.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 72 years (864 issues) for \$1439.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 73 years (876 issues) for \$1459.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 74 years (888 issues) for \$1479.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 75 years (900 issues) for \$1499.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 76 years (912 issues) for \$1519.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 77 years (924 issues) for \$1539.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 78 years (936 issues) for \$1559.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 79 years (948 issues) for \$1579.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 80 years (960 issues) for \$1599.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 81 years (972 issues) for \$1619.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 82 years (984 issues) for \$1639.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 83 years (996 issues) for \$1659.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 84 years (1008 issues) for \$1679.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 85 years (1020 issues) for \$1699.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 86 years (1032 issues) for \$1719.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 87 years (1044 issues) for \$1739.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 88 years (1056 issues) for \$1759.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 89 years (1068 issues) for \$1779.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 90 years (1080 issues) for \$1799.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 91 years (1092 issues) for \$1819.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 92 years (1104 issues) for \$1839.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 93 years (1116 issues) for \$1859.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 94 years (1128 issues) for \$1879.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 95 years (1140 issues) for \$1899.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 96 years (1152 issues) for \$1919.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 97 years (1164 issues) for \$1939.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 98 years (1176 issues) for \$1959.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 99 years (1188 issues) for \$1979.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 100 years (1200 issues) for \$1999.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 101 years (1212 issues) for \$2019.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 102 years (1224 issues) for \$2039.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 103 years (1236 issues) for \$2059.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 104 years (1248 issues) for \$2079.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 105 years (1260 issues) for \$2099.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 106 years (1272 issues) for \$2119.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 107 years (1284 issues) for \$2139.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 108 years (1296 issues) for \$2159.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 109 years (1308 issues) for \$2179.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 110 years (1320 issues) for \$2199.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 111 years (1332 issues) for \$2219.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 112 years (1344 issues) for \$2239.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 113 years (1356 issues) for \$2259.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 114 years (1368 issues) for \$2279.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 115 years (1380 issues) for \$2299.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 116 years (1392 issues) for \$2319.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 117 years (1404 issues) for \$2339.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 118 years (1416 issues) for \$2359.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 119 years (1428 issues) for \$2379.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 120 years (1440 issues) for \$2399.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 121 years (1452 issues) for \$2419.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 122 years (1464 issues) for \$2439.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 123 years (1476 issues) for \$2459.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 124 years (1488 issues) for \$2479.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 125 years (1500 issues) for \$2499.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 126 years (1512 issues) for \$2519.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 127 years (1524 issues) for \$2539.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 128 years (1536 issues) for \$2559.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 129 years (1548 issues) for \$2579.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 130 years (1560 issues) for \$2599.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 131 years (1572 issues) for \$2619.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 132 years (1584 issues) for \$2639.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 133 years (1596 issues) for \$2659.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 134 years (1608 issues) for \$2679.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 135 years (1620 issues) for \$2699.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 136 years (1632 issues) for \$2719.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 137 years (1644 issues) for \$2739.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 138 years (1656 issues) for \$2759.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 139 years (1668 issues) for \$2779.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 140 years (1680 issues) for \$2799.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 141 years (1692 issues) for \$2819.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 142 years (1704 issues) for \$2839.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 143 years (1716 issues) for \$2859.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 144 years (1728 issues) for \$2879.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 145 years (1740 issues) for \$2899.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 146 years (1752 issues) for \$2919.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 147 years (1764 issues) for \$2939.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 148 years (1776 issues) for \$2959.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 149 years (1788 issues) for \$2979.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 150 years (1800 issues) for \$2999.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 151 years (1812 issues) for \$3019.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 152 years (1824 issues) for \$3039.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 153 years (1836 issues) for \$3059.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 154 years (1848 issues) for \$3079.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 155 years (1860 issues) for \$3099.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 156 years (1872 issues) for \$3119.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 157 years (1884 issues) for \$3139.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 158 years (1896 issues) for \$3159.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 159 years (1908 issues) for \$3179.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 160 years (1920 issues) for \$3199.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 161 years (1932 issues) for \$3219.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 162 years (1944 issues) for \$3239.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 163 years (1956 issues) for \$3259.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 164 years (1968 issues) for \$3279.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 165 years (1980 issues) for \$3299.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 166 years (1992 issues) for \$3319.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 167 years (2004 issues) for \$3339.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 168 years (2016 issues) for \$3359.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 169 years (2028 issues) for \$3379.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 170 years (2040 issues) for \$3399.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 171 years (2052 issues) for \$3419.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 172 years (2064 issues) for \$3439.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 173 years (2076 issues) for \$3459.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 174 years (2088 issues) for \$3479.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 175 years (2100 issues) for \$3499.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 176 years (2112 issues) for \$3519.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 177 years (2124 issues) for \$3539.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 178 years (2136 issues) for \$3559.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 179 years (2148 issues) for \$3579.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 180 years (2160 issues) for \$3599.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 181 years (2172 issues) for \$3619.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 182 years (2184 issues) for \$3639.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 183 years (2196 issues) for \$3659.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 184 years (2208 issues) for \$3679.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 185 years (2220 issues) for \$3699.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 186 years (2232 issues) for \$3719.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 187 years (2244 issues) for \$3739.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 188 years (2256 issues) for \$3759.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 189 years (2268 issues) for \$3779.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 190 years (2280 issues) for \$3799.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 191 years (2292 issues) for \$3819.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 192 years (2304 issues) for \$3839.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 193 years (2316 issues) for \$3859.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 194 years (2328 issues) for \$3879.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 195 years (2340 issues) for \$3899.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 196 years (2352 issues) for \$3919.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 197 years (2364 issues) for \$3939.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 198 years (2376 issues) for \$3959.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 199 years (2388 issues) for \$3979.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 200 years (2400 issues) for \$3999.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 201 years (2412 issues) for \$4019.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 202 years (2424 issues) for \$4039.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 203 years (2436 issues) for \$4059.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 204 years (2448 issues) for \$4079.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 205 years (2460 issues) for \$4099.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 206 years (2472 issues) for \$4119.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 207 years (2484 issues) for \$4139.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 208 years (2496 issues) for \$4159.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 209 years (2508 issues) for \$4179.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 210 years (2520 issues) for \$4199.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 211 years (2532 issues) for \$4219.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 212 years (2544 issues) for \$4239.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 213 years (2556 issues) for \$4259.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 214 years (2568 issues) for \$4279.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 215 years (2580 issues) for \$4299.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 216 years (2592 issues) for \$4319.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 217 years (2604 issues) for \$4339.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 218 years (2616 issues) for \$4359.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 219 years (2628 issues) for \$4379.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 220 years (2640 issues) for \$4399.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 221 years (2652 issues) for \$4419.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 222 years (2664 issues) for \$4439.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 223 years (2676 issues) for \$4459.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 224 years (2688 issues) for \$4479.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 225 years (2700 issues) for \$4499.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 226 years (2712 issues) for \$4519.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 227 years (2724 issues) for \$4539.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 228 years (2736 issues) for \$4559.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 229 years (2748 issues) for \$4579.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 230 years (2760 issues) for \$4599.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 231 years (2772 issues) for \$4619.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 232 years (2784 issues) for \$4639.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 233 years (2796 issues) for \$4659.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 234 years (2808 issues) for \$4679.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 235 years (2820 issues) for \$4699.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 236 years (2832 issues) for \$4719.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 237 years (2844 issues) for \$4739.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 238 years (2856 issues) for \$4759.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 239 years (2868 issues) for \$4779.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 240 years (2880 issues) for \$4799.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 241 years (2892 issues) for \$4819.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 242 years (2904 issues) for \$4839.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 243 years (2916 issues) for \$4859.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 244 years (2928 issues) for \$4879.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 245 years (2940 issues) for \$4899.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 246 years (2952 issues) for \$4919.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 247 years (2964 issues) for \$4939.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 248 years (2976 issues) for \$4959.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 249 years (2988 issues) for \$4979.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 250 years (3000 issues) for \$4999.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 251 years (3012 issues) for \$5019.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 252 years (3024 issues) for \$5039.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 253 years (3036 issues) for \$5059.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 254 years (3048 issues) for \$5079.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 255 years (3060 issues) for \$5099.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 256 years (3072 issues) for \$5119.95 (GST included).
I want to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 257 years (3084 issues) for \$5139.95 (GST included).



Building for the future? Our new annuities make it easier.

Now you can benefit from substantially increased payouts on New York Life annuities.

We've adjusted the payout on our annuities in terms of current interest rates. These new policies provide you with higher guaranteed cash values than ever before, along with a significant dividend increase, including dividends paid to you the first year.

These new policies are available

through flexible periodic payments or a lump sum premium.

New York Life is a mutual company and Canadian policyowners have shared in our progress for 122 consecutive years. Now is a good time to build for your future with a New York Life annuity. Get all the facts about higher cash values and increased dividend payouts from your New York Life agent.



Serving Canadians since 1858.

Life, Group and Health Insurance, Annuities, Pension Plans

Vancouver (604) 685-7364 Edmonton (403) 429-6331 or 428-1033
 Calgary (403) 269-4365 Saskatoon (306) 652-3541 Winnipeg (204) 942-6211
 Toronto (416) 598-3311 Ottawa (613) 232-1295
 Montreal (514) 844-3373 Quebec City (418) 529-0486 Halifax (902) 425-6100

or write 444 St. Mary Avenue Winnipeg Manitoba R3C 3T1

The law of the fee

I read with interest the article by Judge Marvin Baker (*The High Cost of Justice*, *Pulse*, April 28). Judge Baker is concerned with the legal costs of civil suits to clients and no doubt his concern is shared by the judges who preside at civil trials and those of us who act as counsel for litigants in civil actions. With the greatest respect to those with different views, may I suggest that the "speedy, accessible and inexpensive justice" of small claims courts often is paired at no small price. We have a laudable civil court system. Small claims courts deal with many individuals with various claims which are very important to each of them. We should seek to ensure that their perception of our system is that there is only one system of equal justice. Cheap justice is often just that.

JAMES H. FLAHERTY, TORONTO

I applaud Judge Baker for his candid stand on the problem of legal costs in small claims. However, I feel that he has missed mention of two very central and pressing aspects of the problem. Firstly, it is the middle-income Canadian and not the low-income Canadian who is caught in this bind. The low-income person can pursue his claims through legal aid. Secondly, the principle that he who pursues a just claim in assertion of his rights, or indeed he who is unjustly sued, should not have to bear the costs so far as is reasonable, is effectively thwarted by archaic costs and fees legislation preventing all but a small proportion of such cases from being collected along with the claimed amount when the action is successful.

IAN D. LUGAN, ANNA CO. NS

Judge Baker should be congratulated on a very timely and sensitive article. The Canadian Bar Association is both interested and concerned about the issue of the high cost of justice, particularly if a heavy financial burden deters persons they ought to be able to assert. To this end, the Canadian Bar Foundation is currently engaged in a pilot project with the Canadian Law Information Council (with generous financial assistance from the Foundation for Legal Research) with the object of maintaining and eliminating unnecessary delays and unnecessary costs in connection with the administration of justice. Our association will have more to report on this subject in the near future. In the meantime, new developments, such as this in which Judge Baker is involved, are beginning to make inroads in this critically important subject.

EDMOND T. WINTERSBROOK, PRESIDENT
 CANADIAN BAR ASSOCIATION

"Our Wiser's DeLuxe. We age it 10 full years. That's longer than Canada's two best known whiskies. But we think quality is something you just can't rush."

Our Master Blender,
 Keith Holdings.



SAAB TURBO

Canada

Macleans



Let's make a deal

By John Hay

I had all the flink and slapdash now awarded for a visit by a Mexican president. There was the ball, shining in sparkling powder, presented in the ambassador's backyard, the entourage of officials, press and camera crews filing three planes, the marachas flown specially from Guadalajara to play at a state banquet for 500, the worried Canadian diplomats straining past midnight to cobble a communiqué. There was the late rush of planning, small which the Mexican protocol chief had a heart attack. But Ottawa took the visit of José López Portillo in deadly earnest. Mexico is becoming a major oil exporter, and Canada's need for foreign oil is about to quadruple. It was a week of pseudo-diplomacy at its ripest.

The Canadians thought they had a deal a year ago. At the peak of the 1979 election campaign, the Liberals proudly announced an agreement entitled in Mexico City by which Canada promised to buy "up to 300,000 barrels per day" of Mexican oil and Mexico pledged its "best efforts" to supply at Skovsbo. The deal was to start in late 1979 or early 1980 and reach 50,000 barrels within 12 months. Instead, the Conservatives won the May election and the new Clark government asked Mexico for a new deal. They wanted to drop Petro-Canada from the arrangement. By then the Mexicans themselves were having second thoughts about their commitment. Recall one Mexican diplomat: "When the Tories requested a change, that opened the door for us." Months later, spent,

even after Joe Clark's fall and the return of the Liberals, the department of external affairs still had no clear notion of the new Mexican demands.

On May 12, the Canadian ambassador to Mexico, Claude Charbonel, was called to the foreign ministry and told that Mexico wanted either to scrap the oil deal or to tie it tightly to Canadian transfers of technology and investment in Mexican industry. While Mexico promised to deliver the agreed volumes of oil, it did not want the commitment in any state-to-state deal. With the president's arrival only a fortnight away, says a Canadian official, "that came at a great shock to us," and intense negotiations began. With its net oil exports expected to balloon from the current 150,000 barrels a day to 600,000 barrels in 1985, Canada sought to salvage Mexico's commitment of 500,000 barrels by shifting it to the week-long commitment from a formal agreement. The Mexican negotiator flew to Stockholm to get instructions two days before the president's arrival in Canada from Sweden on his four-country tour. The answer was no.

After an all-night final bargaining session, the agreement came down to this: a communiqué giving Mexico "shall undertake to supply" 50,000 barrels daily by the end of 1980, starting with smaller shipments this fall. But, in the separate formal agreement, no numbers appear. In return, Prime Minister Trudeau promised to "facilitate and support" investment, technology sales and other development projects.

To Conservative chiding is the Canadians that he had "lost 30,000 barrels"



Portillo (clockwise from left) receives plaque from PCMF; with admirer in Toronto; with Trudeau; bulls, marachas banquet

since last year's agreement, Trudeau said. They delays while in office "runs the Mexicans time to change their minds." Mexico was another concession from the reopened talks while last year's deal would have locked both sides in for 10 years, the new one can be killed by either on a year's notice. The Mexicans argue, however, that while politics is all economics in Canada, economic decisions rest on politics in Mexico; if oil sales to Canada look politically valuable, there will be sales regardless of commitments. For all the arguing over oil, the visit was counted a success by both sides. With new lines of credit signed even before he left his last stop in Toronto, López Portillo had put flesh on his policy of expanding relations with Canada (and four others: Brazil, Sweden, West Germany and Japan). He and Trudeau had quietly discussed his proposal to hold a world summit conference next year on North-South relations, an attempt to restart talks which have been stalled in what Trudeau publicly called "sterile rhetorical confrontation." Trudeau told the president there might be benefit in a conference, which López Portillo would like to stage in Mexico. ☐

Across the North, an ordeal by fire



By Michael Chazan

The vast shield of granite sits just under the moss and lichen, a natural seal for the snail's snail. It catches and holds the heat—nature can be fooled out of this thin seal in a few hours after a rain. In hot, dry weather, moss crumbles at a touch, a leaching brown spongy like a rifle shot. Since late March the Kenora district of northwestern Ontario, which sits on this pan, has had severely enough rain to measure. The blaring heat, in the high 30s and 40s, was not normal for June and July, the peak fire season next years. On a scale of Soviet fire-weather risk, where 21 means "extreme," the needle early last week pointed at 36. Even without flames, the forest was drying.

Kenora fire 52, as it is called, began as an intensive fire on May 17, after lightning tore through the under on a high outcrop near Dogwood Lake, southeast of town. Firefighting teams quickly had the blaze under control (at under 4,000 acres), while local concern was focused some 200 miles to the northwest. There, Red Lake fire 34 was doing its on a group of small gold-mining towns, while Geraldton fire 5 was threatening the 400 residents of Fort Hope. Across the drought-stricken Prairie, fires were raging out of control. Kenora 22 was a last by comparison.

Then the fire began to roll. Wind from the southwest teased bits of burning forest in front of the fire's leading edge "like a great big amoeba," says ministry of natural resources official Bill White. "It went out a foot and the next foot in." Ministry of natural resources nigger Alex Clark was amazed to find, on inspecting his aerial video photographs the morning of May 22, that the fire had shot through 16 miles of forest evergreen. It cut off the Canadian Pacific Railway lines and the Trans-Canada Highway, and by last Monday had covered a great oval patch of a quarter-mile across. The inferno leaped over two-mile-wide lakes, sent hot spots as far as three miles ahead of the front line and created fumes updrafts.

As parts of his tourist camp by East Lake burned to the ground, owner Ed Wilson watched 90-pound cylinders of propane being sucked into the air and exploding. Just 14 miles east of Kenora, the fire's western flank stretched for 46 miles, north to south. As east wind would turn that flank into a leading front which, as every snail in Kenora knew, could sweep right over the town. Already the village of Redden, just 20 miles north of town, had been evacuated. "When something that big starts to move with those winds, you've got to get out of the way," says Mills who, along with most of the local snail staff, left his regular duties to help with the



Firefighters battle flames outside Kenora, leaving open a trail of destruction, a daily nightmare.

And now they return home

It may be weeks before three American fishermen target the evacuation at Red Lake. They left a trail of about 46 fish in the tank of their brand-new luxury car and did not for over a week in the blazing heat of that northwest Ontario town after the evacuation of May 22. Now that the land fire has been dented and the 3,900 old residents of the gold-mining and forestry community are returning home, the job of setting up camps must begin. On Northern Affairs Minister Leo Cerrette's side, it will cost well over \$30 million

12 Clockwise from left: firefighters battling flames outside Kenora, leaving open a trail of destruction, a daily nightmare.



Evacuated from Fort Hope, residents are in Geraldton, Ont., clean up.

for property damage and compensation for expenses during the flight from homes. A car that dies in a fire is left to be towed out of the lot of inconvenience caused by the fire, which destroyed more than 70,000 acres of timber and came within one mile of Red Lake last week before shifting winds stopped it.

More than half of the evacuees found accommodation with friends or relatives or in private homes, others went to reception centres in Brandon, Regina and Saskatoon.

Fire "tip close, it seems like two different engines coming down on top of you." Over the rush of wind and the roar of flames in the steaming consuming of trees that explode rather than burn.

The northern fire finally forced the evacuation of Red Lake, Fort Hope and a half-dozen other communities, involving about 7,000 people, by Saturday, May 26. A Saturday night party at the Grassy Narrows Indian reserve was interrupted at 4 a.m., May 26, when the front moved to within three miles of the reserve. The refugee party continued all the way to the Kenora area before the band of 400 native people was sent



to Fort Frances. RNR officials learned of a hermit living in the Dogwood Lake region, but the old fellow was so terrified by the helicopter that he locked himself behind the bear-proof iron bars of his doghouse shelter. Firefighting operations were scaled before he was finally coaxed to safety.

The firefighters, rather than trying to suppress the fire, were busy with the higher priorities of saving people and property. Sheraton. Cams water-borne choppers 400 ft in the air, spraying burning rain, trying to get close to the flames while avoiding the updrafts. Meanwhile, a committee of local police,

government and civil service had been hard at work for days on an evacuation plan. "By Sunday and Monday the fire was a real threat," said William Charlton, assistant deputy minister for the Ontario ministry of northern affairs. Charlton is a calm, slow administrator given to pausing to think. It does not seem surprising that he was named spokesman for the committee. "There was no panic," he said, "but it did seem like a moment time I was all packed and ready to go."

On Tuesday, the column of smoke rose up like a giant's bathtub, towering up from 30,000 to 35,000 feet in a dirty brown mushroom cloud which RNR workers promptly named U-55. The smell of burning wood was strong in Kenora and the committee's plan of evacuation, who reluctantly, but swiftly, completed. Townsfolk were told to keep their cars gassed up and packed for flight on a few hours notice. Schools were closed, the Canadian Pacific Railway rerouted special trains to give hospital patients and others without transportation. Orange "hotline" telephones were connected between the evacuation centre, the hospital, the town offices and other key centres of activity, to carry the evacuation alarm along with police sirens, bullhorns and the snail whistle if the time should come.

But by Thursday morning, after showers and northwesterly winds had swept the region and pushed the configuration back on itself, Kenora 32 was classified "stable" but still out of control. At 17,000 acres it was the second largest of about 500 burning in the country. (The largest, Saskatchewan's "Alta" fire, covers some 400,000 acres.) In the 51 years that records have been kept in the Kenora district, all the fires combined have burned no more than 300,000 acres. As Mills glanced at his fire map he commented that without some steady rain, "Kenora 32

later. Consider over 100 dogs and other pets left in basements several to rank almost as high as fears over property. Retiree's business friend Peter Peterson 66 was busy to Gerk and worried that the \$25,000 worth of electrical equipment in his shop was a valuable collection of items at his home might be left by itself.

But despite these worries and the fact that the immediate future may be grim, at least the returned refugees will be able to rely on the well-ventilated hospital. They received from the province's firefighters all the necessities of life: food, clothing, and even even clean diapers for mothers with babies. At one of the private Canadian Air Force barracks became home for the 600 newcomers, bus service to them was set

up and two Red Lake area, many companies left a pay system for distressed miners.

But after two or three days, the enforced vacation life as novelty. By the end of last week most of the evacuees were anxious to return home. (Especially those involved in business—some young women in Brandon where about 100 Red Lake evacuees were housed at the Brandon Agricultural Extension Centre. Gary Cheliff said he had to be away and he chose to let the volunteer host people suddenly become a strange sort of host. The residents of Red Lake would have agreed with the sentiments of one fireman: "We just can't imagine anything like this going off so smoothly."

could go on burning all summer."

But the edge was off the emergency, and as the refugees returned to their homes in Bedford, Nova Scotia Deputy Police Chief Walter Wychukowski pointed out that with schools reopened, rain on the ground and temperatures fallen to below 20°C it was hard to be worried about the fire. "No," he chuckled, "I'm not scared." One elderly gentleman on the street went back to his home at the beginning of I didn't think there was any danger.

There are enough people in town to fight the fire if it comes anyway." But Alex Clark, whose maps show the speed and unpredictability of the fire and who has seen the flames leaping more than 100 feet in the air, shakes his head and concedes that the layman can't be expected to appreciate the dangers. "It's a sleeping giant," he says.

The economic impact on the district's communities of timber and tourism is as impossible to calculate as the cost of the fire. Ken Chambers, Kenora's publicity manager, points little damage to the thriving tourist trade so far, but is afraid that the publicity will do more harm than the flames. "I was out in Toronto," he said, "and you'd think all of Kenora was burning." The Devin, who runs Devin Timber Co. Ltd. with his brother, Joe, says insurance will cover the 4,000 cords of wood he lost, but adds, "It's the future you're losing." Much of the town was prime spruce and pine forest. Devin, like everyone in the district, says it's still too early to estimate damage in dollars or any other sense.

In the meantime, the approximately 15,000 residents of the Kenora area are keeping an eye out for a second wind. "I think the situation will remain stable for several days," says Bill Chubb. But he eyed his desk and added, "There are my best kept. I don't normally keep them with me in the office."

Howling outrage and cannon fire

Writing words have been the traditional prelude to any constitutional talks, and the road to next Monday's private meeting of the 39 provinces at Pierre Trudeau's home was paved with presidents. The new cast was that the federal government and the post-referendum leadership on Parliament Hill with an orchestrated barrage of heavy cannon fire aimed at premier Peter Lougheed of Alberta, Brian Peckford of Newfoundland and John Buchanan of Nova Scotia. For good measure, the PM called for "visible progress" in "six to 18 months"—before the next Quebec election, and because the parties outside Quebec fear renewal

"has never shown any consistency in its stance."

First test of the trenches was battalions Energy Minister Marc Lévesque, who portrayed Alberta's stance as oil prices as a variation on René Lévesque's quest for sovereignty—association ("economic sovereignty with political association"). With the Conservatives howling outrage, Trudeau went on to reject Lévesque's description of Ottawa as "the agency of the provinces." At a subsequent news conference, he said that of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia legislation that gives provincial resi-



Trudeau at weekly press conference. First out of the trenches with heavy artillery.

dents first call on certain jobs. That, Trudeau insisted, is "inconsistent" to saying that labor from other provinces wasn't welcome and is "incompatible" with a Canadian common market or federalism.

Trudeau's speech, however, for all that, set the province to agree to a timetable next week for "a very large package in a very short period of time. His promises are basically those he set down in 1987 when he published *Federalism and the French Canadian*, a constitutional bill of human rights to limit the power governments would or individuals and to guarantee the use of English and French, a consistent reduction of central federal power, a referred Senate to give the provinces a say at the centre and/or a new body to resolve jurisdictional fights between the two levels of government. "We're prepared," he reiterated last week. "We see the provinces come on mass and all on Parliament Hill if we use left with very, very substantial powers." Twelve in the empty-room persons are perfectly comfortable sitting at home, where they

do. He did when he was premier of Quebec before the Clark came to power. Lévesque had heard his own department from talking the press without distance from Ontario Deputy Premier Ed Clark.

want even more power to direct provincial economic and social destinies.

On the matter of a new division of powers, as Trudeau admits, there is "a great issue of disagreement." If the impasse persists into winter, Canadians could be thrown into yet another campaign—this one, a national referendum on Trudeau's package of reforms. He is under pressure from some members of his caucus to go to the people directly. If Trudeau does, he even has a strong slogan from last week's news conference: "Either you have a country or you don't."

Robert Lewis

Alberta For someone who has everything

In 1858, Alberta celebrated its 50th anniversary as a province with parades, ballades, dancing in the streets, an official day of prayer and a 20-cent-a-head grant to municipalities. This year, to mark Alberta's diamond jubilee, the Conservative government is forking over \$20 a person. But there will be no headies, still dancing in the streets, and the only prayers are silent ones—



offered by the Alberta 75 Committee—that Albertans don't get into fistfights in their wrangle over how and where to spend the money.

With the past half over, there has been little tangible evidence of celebration and much acrimonious criticism from grange-ranging from the elderly to youngsters over how the Alberta 75 celebration is going. Disappointment began last December, as soon as Culture Minister Mike LeMay announced that about \$75 million would be spent on the birthday bash. Spending "75 on 75" was deemed as a Muslim Avenue play and an inflationary move at a time

when the country was being urged toward fiscal restraint. Just over \$40 million went to municipalities in per capita grants, provincial government initiatives programs will cost \$9.8 million, a promise to bring former residents home this summer costs \$4.5 million, and \$4 million went to subsidize an encyclopedia.

The municipal grants have caused consternation all over the province. Councils have been baffled by LeMay's suggestion to spend the money on capital projects but not on "lower systems and road improvements." Two LeMay's address actually promised returning the city's \$1-million grant to indicate "one dollar of the waste of money" as projects that "mainly proved more than need." Cooker heads provided and LeMay kept his money, though distributing it has touched off new battles. Calgary, with \$1.5 million to give away, drew the weight of 300 reported proposals by spending, for instance, \$75,000 on a Canada Safety Council project to pave a parking lot.

Senior citizens, meanwhile, have been sensitive the presentation of medals to anyone 75 or older this year. They claim that it is unfair that new-

Quebec

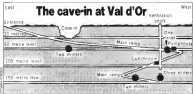
The hope fades for a miracle

The most dreadful thing about a mine disaster is the superficial optimism of events around it. In Val d'Or the sun dapples the spring lawns and people talk of fishing. Men go off at all hours to work in the gold mines, just as they have for 50 years. At the pre-Old Belmont mine, five miles from town, there is a small crater the size of half a football field and about 40 feet deep. A pool of water at the bottom would attract ducks if the pumps there were not working.

That crater had collapsed the night of the Quebec referendum, May 20th. A pillar of rock gave way in the top of the mine and about 160,000 tons of

wet surface clay slipped when it fell 150 feet into the shaft. Like a tidal bore the wet clay flooded through the mine, entered the main ramp and flooded toward the bottom at 70 m.p.h. Of the 34 men on the shaft shaft, 14 escaped. After 16 days of trying to drain the mine, the weary, mud-coated rescuers were saying it would be a miracle if any of the eight trapped men survived. "I just hope," said mine manager Donald Levesque, "that if they died, they died quickly." By last weekend that seemed likely. Only the placement of hope remains for these miners thought trapped in an air pocket where they had been working to extend the mine ventilation shafts. More likely, however, the place like here of the flooding mud, so it sought the mine's bottom, compressed the miners' air suddenly and crushed

Six of gold mine disaster; (inset) family of one of trapped shaft awaiting news. "We look to stay our prayers."





Rescue workers study new 'tote in gang'

the men. "There's no hope," said Robert Lemay, stolidly, the way most of the miners expressed the amazing futility of their efforts to control the water and mud. "They're all dead. Taste is gone."

In the mine when the roof collapsed, Lemay fought his way in darkness to the ventilation shaft through mud rising up to his waist. Another veteran miner, Raymond Carrier, first noticed the pressure in his ears while eating a sandwich in a lunchroom 350 feet down. He opened the door and saw mud driving rockers, boulders and cables past him. "It's time to say our prayers," he told his two companions. They escaped through the lunchroom, rolling and made their way, hanging by cables on the tunnel roof, to the ventilation shaft.

Rescuers tried for days to drain that area and get to the bottom of the mine. But pumps were breaking down every five hours, unable to pass the thick mud, the stamps washed down from the surface, and the miles of electricity and air cables ripped from the tunnel walls.

A town built and cursed for gold, Val d'Or has accepted the disaster with a fatalistic shrug of its shoulders. Six hundred men have died mining since 1958 in northwestern Quebec. Some still flatter Beliveau miners jump when another worker shoves by them suddenly in the mine's darkness, but no one talks of quitting these jobs that earn \$30,000 a year. The town still shakes on Fridays when the nearby Sigma gold mine does its heavy blasting, but there are welcome sounds for a town that thought mining was nearly dead: soft gold prices tripled in two years. "The best definition of ore is something extracted at a profit," shrugs one Quebec mining official. "One day you have ore, another day you just have rock." Val d'Or is there for the gold, and is prepared to take its losses as the price for its survival.

Jon Anderson

Saskatchewan

A moment of instant terror

A Jack De Mars steered his truck over the hill and looked down upon the burning wreckage pouring black smoke into the mid-afternoon sky, a sickness wrenched at his stomach. There on the Trans-Canada Highway, two miles from the tiny hamlet of Webb, Saskatchewan (population 300), was the twisted, strewn bulk of a school bus, demolished after apparently being hit first by a car and then a semi-trailer truck, which had erupted into flames, fed by its cargo of liquid asphalt.



Aerial view of bus-truck crash, corner McKillop (right), and/or bus lane

"The first thought that flashed through my mind was that my two children were supposed to go on a bus trip that day at school and they could have been down there," says De Mars. The instant terror barely eased when De Mars, one of the first to reach the scene of Saskatchewan's worst highway crash, found the scattered bodies not of schoolchildren but workmen, an ill-fated crew returning to temporary living quarters in rail cars after rain forced an early end to the day's work.

Why, and exactly how, the accident occurred on a clear stretch of divided highway was still unclear at work's end, three days after the fact. But investigators did know that 32 died and 11 others were injured, at least two critically, in the fiery crash. The dead, ranging in age from 19 to 38, included 11 from New-

foundland, nine from Ontario, one Nova Scotia and one from Quebec. The truck driver, who was pulled from the burning wreckage by a fellow trucker, and the two occupants of the car leaving Ontario license plates were among those injured.

De Mars was working on his farm, and, three-quarters of a mile from the scene of the tragedy, when he was startled by an erupting sound. "It was like someone beating a piece of sheet metal, and it was so loud that it made my dog next to me jump a foot into the air," De Mars recalled. By the time he reached the scene, others had begun gathering to try and pull survivors from the wreck before they were consumed by a wall of flames which took two hours to extinguish. De Mars rushed back to his farm and returned with a truck filled with a



Photo by [unclear]

CRAVEN "A" FILTERS BEST for good taste in smoking!



CRAVEN "A" The First Family of Mildness.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling. Average per cigarette—King Size Filter: "Tar" 12 mg. Nic. 0.9 mg. Regular Filter: "Tar" 8 mg. Nic. 0.5 mg.

1,000-gallon water tank, which he used to try and douse the inferno.

By that time, the Webb volunteer fire department had already arrived with its 500-gallon water truck. Bruce Cameron, 28, a member of the town's firefighting crew, was sitting in the town patrol station, directed to wait while a man rushed in to call for help. "We had seen the black smoke but we thought it was someone burning off oil," says Cameron. "When we got there we knew what to expect because the guy who called for help told us what happened." Still, Cameron was shaken by the grisly sight when he and two others arrived about 10 minutes after the accident had happened. "I never want to see that sort of thing again. It makes you stop and think and look back poorly at yourself, but it's built, especially when kids around here have to travel 16 miles by bus to school every day."

An inquiry was begun then and approved by provincial coroner Stewart McMillan of Regina, pending the outcome of several investigations. Provincial Highway Minister Edling Kramer, in a briefing, told the legislature that his department would also launch an investigation. The man leading the investigation is Sgt. Bill Unghart of the Cull Lake, Sask., RCMP detachment. A 10-hour version of the forces. Working with only three hours sleep in 36 hours, Unghart could say only for now that three vehicles were involved, but there were two circumstances which might be able to shed some light on the accident. The quick response of people who rushed to help saved the lives of some of the injured before the intense heat from the burning tanker ended any further rescue attempts. Unghart says: "Weary from lack of sleep, Unghart still managed to maintain a cool, detached view of the accident. "This sort of thing is definitely something that no one expects, but it is still a part of the job and someone has to do it. Still, I hope it never happens again." Dale Kleber

environment, say detractors, is not as easy to measure.

The troops spend much of their time busying over the muddy, rolling terrain in combat vehicles and sleek Leopard tanks, firing at targets and staging mock battles. The West German 40 Leopard tanks number more than the Canadian forces have in Canada. Local Legion members raised their eyebrows and voices in the beginning, but relations have steadily improved since, mainly because of an active public relations program which includes home visits and tank rides for the locals and their children. Relations have improved so much, in fact, boasts Lt.-Col. Klaus Pitscher, the smiling German commander, that 50 local girls have married his men in the past six years.

The Shilo battle and battle games can't be duplicated in Germany, and Bonn wants to renew its lease. Objec-



German Leopard tanks in Camp Shilo simulating the "last battle" game.

as centered with grassy thoroughfares. To affirm such criticism, Bonn has been paying for a three-year ecological impact study to determine what, if any, damage has been done and what can be planned to restore natural soil and vegetation. Study director Mike McKernan says he hasn't come to any conclusions, but he does resent the constant jangling of critics against a government that is paying his \$8,000 to \$10,000 annually and pouring millions of dollars into Canada.

The daylight has gone on steadily, but this year, with battle-day conditions in the area, local opposition has stepped up. At Shilo, more than 200 fires are caused by the shelling, and in late April one blaze scorched 18,000 acres, including 300 acres on the property adjacent to that of Mr. Charles Blay. A military agency hasn't been completed by Lt.-Col. Murray Gray, the acting base commander, says there is evidence the fire was started by shelling and notes that the Germans—who were



Thousands of protesters gathered in the streets last week to stage their own protest.

instructed with grassy thoroughfares. To affirm such criticism, Bonn has been paying for a three-year ecological impact study to determine what, if any, damage has been done and what can be planned to restore natural soil and vegetation. Study director Mike McKernan says he hasn't come to any conclusions, but he does resent the constant jangling of critics against a government that is paying his \$8,000 to \$10,000 annually and pouring millions of dollars into Canada.

The daylight has gone on steadily, but this year, with battle-day conditions in the area, local opposition has stepped up. At Shilo, more than 200 fires are caused by the shelling, and in late April one blaze scorched 18,000 acres, including 300 acres on the property adjacent to that of Mr. Charles Blay. A military agency hasn't been completed by Lt.-Col. Murray Gray, the acting base commander, says there is evidence the fire was started by shelling and notes that the Germans—who were

World

Botha's bluff is called

By Carolyn Murphy

Like the thick fog that the starry Cape of Good Hope weather often brings to Capetown, tension had blanketed the city for several days. Police and thousands of colored (non-white) students, boycotting their classes in protest against their "inferior education," were on edge. One of the strikers, Bernard Pheasant, was making his way to a shop in his all-colored neighborhood of Kwa's River where he met some school friends. Just then, a blue minibus intruded past them. Doors rushed on the vehicle and, from inside, four white policemen opened fire with shotguns, sending the students running for cover—except for two who lay dead. One was 15-year-old Bernard.

The deaths last week ignited a potentially explosive element into a nationwide wave of protest by students and workers which is griming South Africa its worst period of unrest in 20 years. Not only that, it is putting a huge rift, says on Prime Minister P. W. Botha's blueprint for reform. Scores of districts have failed to curtail the school boycotts, the increasingly militant voices of black workers, or the outbursts of arms, stone-throwing and isolated attacks or strikes which have made up the mosaic of disturbances here.

Instead, the disturbances brought 63 deaths, including a waiting Guardsman, Thomas Anthony, into the streets last week to stage their own protest. Led by suburban black Anglican Bishop Desmond Tutu, the clerics marched down a busy Johannesburg thoroughfare singing Oswald Christian hymns and demanding the release of a detained colored minister. For their trouble, they were beaten and police were pained overnight. Once out, Tutu announced he would repeat the procedure if necessary because the time in which "God's laws were to be obeyed and unjust laws destroyed" had arrived. Anthony, 45, who heads the Anglican Church of Canada, and his arrest was "one small event" that demonstrated "the increasing repression in this country."

For usage, the disturbances after a series of riots this troubled country will be like in the 1980s as the government falters in its effort to loosen racial restrictions in the social and economic spheres while holding back in the political. Added to that, the ferment comes



Botha (above), police patrol near Capetown, Anthony playing blind without the price

just weeks after the election victory of former guerrilla leader Robert Mugabe in Zimbabwe—an event that abetted the patience of young South African blacks.

Another factor is the growing disillusionment among nonwhites with Botha's promises of reform. Most people see no change in their daily lives, and blacks in particular have little enthusiasm for Botha's recently unveiled reform program. It calls for a "president's council," with 60 white, colored, Indian and Chinese members, to work out a new confederal constitution. Blacks will merely "advise" the group from a separate "black council," and that, as one Africanist analyst put it, "is playing Mandel without the price."

So far, it is the coloreds who have been at the center of the event. It began six weeks ago with a boycott at Capetown-area schools and quickly spread to colored and black schools around the country, broadening as it did into a challenge to the whole apartheid structure of the government. The major exception has been the town of Black township of Soweto, where a police-station clash almost four years ago set off 18 months of upheaval. There, black students have been consistently quiet, attending classes as usual.

Superimposed the boycott is a "committee of 61" made up of representatives of each school. "The enemy has gone," says one of its pamphlets. "We have no guns. Therefore we do not make [the



Botha (above), police patrol near Capetown, Anthony playing blind without the price

boycott) a violent demonstration at this stage. The shaming of no politics for us or over. We want our substantive rights. We want an end to oppression and exploitation. We want freedom. For its part, the government charges that the boycott is the work of "agitators" who, warned Police Minister Louis van Gruit, "will get what they are looking for."

Meanwhile, more than 800 black men are on strike in support of 80 workers whose firm refused to recognize their union-affiliated committee. Added to that, in the port town of Dur-

Manitoba

Waging war on Shilo's ranges

Since 1978, a 10-year NATO agreement between Bonn and Ottawa has permitted about 5,000 young German recruits to take artillery and tank training in the 96,000-acre Camp Shilo site 125 miles west of Winnipeg. The troops arrive from Cologne in units of 684 every three weeks between May and October and take in a rotating program which costs them about 28 dollars a week (for non-Canadian) a year. The cost to the

tion, however, are growing—not as much from the residents, who have become used to having their windows and doors rattled by gunfire—but from environmentalists. Although practices began as early as 6 a.m. and sometimes go on into the night and over the weekends, criticism about noise has been muted. The German presence adds significantly to the local economy and also provides civilian jobs at the base.

Most of the Shilo range is considered ecologically very sensitive by naturalists who have opposed the exercises since the day they began. Bob Walden, a former president of the Manitoba Naturalists' Society, terms the NATO agreement "rent-a-landscape" and says the continuous bombardment of the area with shells of up to 500 lbs. is raising much of this sensitive terrain which

Peter Carlyle-Gardner

ban, close to 6,000 textile mill workers were fired recently after they went on strike over a pay grievance. As with the boycotts, the strikes quickly became a matter for the police. Five people were arrested in connection with them and further meetings of the striking textile workers have been banned.

Ironically, at the very moment of the past week's shootings, debate in the all-white parliament, just a few miles away, centered on new government plans for colorado—as good an example as any of the paternalistic way that is so resented by coloreds and blacks. Government officials promised to rectify past wrongs and seek further contact. But many observers wonder whether for young colorados the death of these white-minority and the exposure on the boycott are best described by the title of their new-hatched marching song: *First Play's Another Brick in the Wall*. □

Uganda

Obote makes his second debut

As a homecoming it was nothing short of triumphant. Stepping from a plane in the southern Ugandan border town of Mbumba, the sports-dressed African fell to his knees and kissed the ground. Then he was whisked to nearby Bushenyi for a tumultuous welcome from thousands of



Tanzanian soldiers patrol Kampala, (left) Obote addresses rally state of confusion

cheering supporters and barefoot tribal dancers. Nine years after being toppled by Idi Amin, former Ugandan president Apollo Milton Obote had returned from exile in Tanzania to his native land.

The core of Obote's message to his well-wishers was clear: only he among the country's warring politicians has the authority and experience to heal its festering wounds. "Either we live together or we perish together—there is no other way," the 56-year-old socialist leader told the rally. "Our real enemies are not each other, our machinery destroyed. We must mobilize ourselves. All the people of Uganda must join in the reconstruction."

Obote spoke as if he believed he was already back in power. Indeed, the odds are good that he will emerge as the winner in presidential elections promised by the ruling military command this



fall. His chances of doing so were considerably improved last month when a coup ended the ineffectual presidency of chubby lawyer Godfrey Bwisa. The coup was masterminded by one of Obote's chief supporters, Labor Minister Paulo Mawagga, who now heads the military command. As well, it was carried out with the tacit approval of Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere, whose 10,000 troops—in Uganda since

they helped overthrow Amin in 1979—stood idly by as Ugandan soldiers rounded up government officials.

Bwisa's downfall was certainly predictable. Since June 1979, when he took over from Yusef Lule—Amin's first successor who was deposed after only two months—Ugandan life had gone from bad to worse. In addition to the economy falling into such a shambles that Ugandans began to look back nostalgically to the Amin era. At the same time, a state of lawlessness prevailed. Last year alone an estimated 5,000 people were killed by marauding gangs of criminals, politically motivated thugs, Tanzanians and Ugandan soldiers and rampaging tribesmen.

Equally tragic, thousands of people have starved to death and at least 100,000 more face the same fate as a result of a worsening famine in the perth of the country. Nor was that situation helped by widespread government corruption—both food aid and relief trucks were pilfered—which led the relief organizations to fargo government distribution channels.

Many Ugandans look with hope to the elections this fall, especially since it is already clear that one candidate is more equal than others. Not only are the communists and the cabinet it appointed dominated by Obote supporters, but the radio and government press are being used to sing his praises. And, already, there are reports of Mutagiri intimidation against Obote's political opponents. In such an atmosphere many

Ugandans question whether impartial elections are possible. Indeed, there are even fears that there will be no elections at all. With Tanzania's tacit approval, it is thought, the new rulers may simply install Obote as president on the pretext that the country's unstable conditions make a vote impossible.

Obote himself says that he will only accept power through the ballot box. But his claims have been greeted with considerable skepticism by Ugandans who recall only too well the record of the man who led them to independence from the British in 1962 and ruled until

overthrown by Amin in 1971. During that period he transformed Uganda from a multi-party democracy into a one-party socialist state and started lacking up his opponents without trial. He also angered Western bankers by moving to nationalize key sectors of the economy.

Indeed, it is a measure of Uganda's continuing high tension that Obote is considered the front-runner in elections for the presidency. If he does return to power through the ballot box it will be a remarkable second coming.

Brice Jeffries

A presidential fall from grace

What might have registered as outrage at not being considered Grand Council but it is known that it was refuted. But it turned out not all the opposition over French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's ill-fated bid into sole deputy with Soviet leader. L'Express last month came from outside France. In plotting the surprise summit on the outskirts of Moscow, Giscard had bypassed the usual diplomatic channels, leaving some officials in his own Quai d'Orsay with rattled feelings. What had been even more was the news that one of the go-to-brothers in the secretory discussions had been a man who stands squarely in the crosshairs not only of Giscard's government but of Western democracy as a whole. That was Jean-Pierre Giscard, a 62-year-old French Communist entrepreneur who is better known as the "Red Minister."

Indeed, if nothing else, the summit served to throw light on the activities of Giscard—who, despite an appetite for enemies and an authorized biography—remains a mystery man. With an inspired

mix of Communist commitment and capitalist savvy, the ball-batted agricultural tycoon has translated his De Gaulle peasant instincts into a sprawling conglomerate of large co-operatives and firms which last year grossed more than \$2 billion.

But the client that put Giscard at the limelight was his belated socialist co-operation of the Soviet party at European Community (EC) surplus buffer. A break two years later was informed last January by the Soviet Union the Afghanistan invasion and to mention that the Soviet citizens were getting the stockpiled buffer oil cheaper price than French households. Harshly put Giscard: "I've got no time to play games with little boys like you," President Raymond said.

That sort of no-nonsense approach to the hard-bargaining center naturally enough to a man who grew up less than a mile from his current French villa 20 miles south of Toulouse—the son of a penniless French farmer who used to drive his goat to pasture with a pocket-watch lookbook in his pocket. After turning up for the resistance in the Second World War he devised a scheme to answer food shortages and began his overtures to the East. A card-carrying Communist, he claims he joined the party at 15 when he saw his

mother die of cancer without proper care because there was no social security.

But it wasn't until 1952 when he was invited to the first post-war conference on Coal-West India in Moscow that he became a key player in the surprise. Eight years ago, when the Soviet wheat harvest

Giscard enjoys the good life in Toulouse, sometimes playing games with little boys



first failed spectacularly, he stepped in to ship them one million tons of grain—reportedly for a multimillion dollar commission. Coups like that have earned Giscard such attention as a private racing stable in Mercedes, a Ferrari and a permanent worldwide stake in five title races around the world.

Giscard's close relations with Moscow have made him a valuable sounding board, and the Quai d'Orsay has long relayed his insights. After the Americans envisaged grain shipments to the Soviet Union last spring, Giscard gave a rush of ideas—apparently speaking with the voice of the Kremlin—and warned: "Americans are nice but they are very naïve. The embargo will be forever."

He also pushed for officials, warning cynicism first. "It's impossible to like this there can be a confrontation, even a military clash. Indeed it was on that rationale that he convinced himself only too willing to have helped Giscard arrange his little 4-11th with Brezhnev. After the resumption of a Western leader with the Soviet president, Jean-Michel Giscard rolled into Afghanistan. Certainly the rule of moderation don't hurt. As he says: "What we need is not compromise. But the more between there is, the more I learn."

Maureen McDonald

Star quality

Five Star's secret of success—the extra smoothness and quality that is unmistakably Seagram's. Reach for the Star. Seagram's Five Star.



The other man in a delicate affair

His tightrope act has frequently divided opponents and inspired awe among his supporters. But last week Spanish President Adolfo Suárez may well have felt he had turned off the wire straight into the lion's cage. For three grueling days he listened to parliamentary adversaries lash his government's performance in a nationally televised debate. Reflecting widespread disillusion with Suárez, Spain's Socialist Workers' Party had launched its first serious attempt to bring down the Democratic Centre government by introducing a censure motion.

The onslaught was led by Socialist leader Felipe González, who needed another 33 votes in addition to the 145 he could muster from his own party and the Communists to topple Suárez. And while his efforts had little chance of success—the motion was defeated—they did mark the end of the days of consensus in Spanish politics and warned the president that he cannot live by charisma alone.

Indeed, more than anything, recent events have demonstrated that the Suárez game is fading. When the 47-year-old leader was catapulted into

Spain: opportunity, leads to intrigue.



power four years ago to preside over the dissolution of the old Franco system, his opportunistic lack of ideology and taste for intrigue at first proved effective. But since then, critics claim, Suárez has failed to set out clear guidelines to solve rising unemployment (more than 1.2 million are jobless) or to contain the terrorism which has claimed 85 lives this year.

Foot-dragging over power-sharing schemes with the regions has further bedeviled his popularity. A sharp rebuff came in February when voters in the Andalusian region ignored government advice and resoundingly voted "no" to autonomy. And when elections were held in the troubled Basque and Catalan regions, Suárez's party, the Centre of the Democratic Center (CDS), made dismal showings. The growing disaffection even opened to party leaders and led to a reshuffle of ministerial posts.

Not has Suárez's reluctance to quit the shelter of his close Montan Páez helped his image—a popular cartoon strip represents him as an alien figure suffering terse comments from Map, a lofty policeman. And the clamor for his dismissal from that pedestal has grown louder lately as right-wing elements within the establishment show signs of staging a resurgence. At least 60 people are facing possible trial in more than 400 cases involving freedom of expression. One is a professor threatened with court martial for a film deemed insulting to the paraffinity and queen. Another is newspaper editor Juan Luis Cebrián, who was sentenced for three months in July last month because his paper, *El País*, showed "disrespect" for the judiciary.

That verdict contrasted oddly with the sentences of six and seven months meted out to two military officers for plotting to overthrow the government. Few believed these sentences that the coup had been merely elite talk, especially since the military has made no bones about its dispute with certain government policies. What's more, right-wing extremists appear to be gaining confidence. They have killed 12 persons this year and there is evidence that members of the Fascist party Burgos Nueva are undertaking military training.

Brilliant at criticism of his leadership, Suárez recently showed a certain weakness for the first time, snapping at journalists. "Do you really believe that I am throwing up stones? Don't you believe that sometimes I feel tired and fed up?" In any case, Suárez shows no inclination to step down. But a crisis he can convince the country that he can produce positive measures to solve its problems, his own colleagues could decide to turn their backs on the ironies of the tightrope artist.

David Baird

Jarvis and Jaws II: the revolt continues

By William Scobie

In his presidential primary race in the west this week he met California's voters with a boot. A contest that in past years has aroused international headlines is overshadowed this season by the American scrap around Edward Jarvis' Proposition 13. A boisterous 76-year-old with a face like a Californian mud slide, turned himself into a national folk hero two years ago with his Proposition 13. That measure slashed California's property taxes by 57 per cent and knocked a \$2-billion hole in



again, this time hoping to cut California income tax by 56 per cent.

Proposition 13, also known as Jarvis II or Jaws II, goes before voters this week and it's a cliff-hanger. Leading in the polls so far, losing the seat. By cutting personal income taxes to half of 1975 levels, it would reduce state revenues by as much as \$5 billion in one fell swoop, followed by an estimated \$12 billion in the coming decade. Jarvis, a perennial right-wing gadfly who scoffs that Ronald Reagan "had a real conservative," considers this the most important test in California's three-year experiment in tax reform—a movement that has inspired similar action in at least six other states. What Jarvis II would do in this spacious laboratory of a



Jarvis (left), Brown is a foe who joined the Pondera/Myden dog-and-monkey act.

in sorrow thus in horror, a senator Brown took his case to voters in television, begging them to remember that their tax dollar supported not only the incumbent but also the aged, infirm and mentally ill. Using pointer and charts to illustrate that Proposition 13 would benefit the rich while leaving only "crumbs" for the poor, he quoted at length from St. Matthew: "Inasmuch as you have done it to the least of these my brethren, you have done it to me."

Jaws, whose talent for reticence has been much exercised in recent weeks, called Brown's approach "con-

front" and a tired old scam. "Brown," he yipped, has been "a dead dog politically" ever since "taking up with the Pondera/Myden dog-and-monkey show." He was made to look foolish when Proposition 13 passed and the sky failed to fall, claimed Jarvis, and Proposition 13 would repeat the process.

But would it? The time around California are some cautious. A recession has arrived and the voters have seen the once-lush state budget surplus shrink to a humble \$44 million. The surplus funded local governments and schools in 1975 and this time, if the tax cut gets the go-ahead, there might not be sufficient funds to support vital services. The University of California, for instance, threatens to raise its fees dramatically, suggesting any savings Proposition 13 might bring to parents will be eaten up by their offspring through college tuition. Jarvis I has already cut state school and library budgets. "So?" ruminates Jarvis.

"What's the use of having rocks in libraries if kids can't read them?" he asked rhetorically. He has charges, a grabbing more and more money to perform an ever-worsening job of teaching America's children.

The basic cry of Jarvis' supporters is that what Proposition 13 accomplished, the summer Tax do it again. It will stimulate the economy, says Jarvis, help fight inflation and cut the fat from a bloated bureaucracy. Opponents of Jaws II respond that the state's economy is so healthy there's no stopping it, that the inflation rate (currently running at 39 per cent in California) has not been affected by 13 and that Proposition 13 is a rich man's proposition. In fact, state tax analysts point out that a typical \$12,000-a-year family would save only about \$100 a year, while a \$75,000-per-annum family would save \$2,000. Says Brown: "The wealthiest 20 per cent of all taxpayers would get a \$3-billion tax break."

Jarvis charges that Brown is betraying "the spirit of 17" when he declines the 1982-83 budget gap nearly 30 per cent. He lost his dog fight. "It's time," he rambles, "to send a new message to big government." However, as of last week, polls suggested that Jaws II, which a month ago seemed a sure bet, now faces support by at least 30 per cent. And should it lose, Jarvis' big mouth will be partly to blame. He has estranged many voters with public outbursts, usually antagonistic. The city of San Francisco, which opposed Proposition 13, was told by Jarvis that it was an elderly woman who challenged Jarvis was told she belonged in a hospital.

But defeat would be no reason signal the end of the Great American Tax Revolt. Jarvis, for one, has a shelf of new tax tricks up his sleeve to be released at a more propitious time. He also has



Jarvis campaigning for Proposition 13: a man with a face like a California mud slide.

Reagan, former treasury secretary William Simon is Reagan economy adviser and other conservative fiscal gurus in his corner. His last message—that big spenders in government will only merit temptation if given less to spend—has enduring appeal. But more than that, it is at stake this week. The question is who runs California—the seventh most productive economy in the world—its elected officials or the septuagenarian commander of the Los Angeles Apartment Association and his army of angry followers? □

Uncle Sam plays the "China card"

The performance was as coy as it was cunning. Facing the cameras with visiting Chinese Vice-Premier Gong Bing, U.S. Defense Secretary Harold Brown announced an agreement to sell China military equipment, explaining that it was possible to provide through an ally, but Brown visibly blanched when Gong, smiling demurely, spoke the art by predicting that future deals might include lethal arms as well. And Gong's remark caught Brown off guard, it was because it suited the American official's cautious approach to military ties with China.

The episode came after three days of talks in Washington between the two military chiefs, designed to further close defense cooperation between their countries. The talks were set up in January when Brown, in the first trip to China by a U.S. defense secretary since 1949, laid the groundwork for military co-operation in the Great Wall, he had stressed the "growing convergence of views" between the two governments on the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and

Soviet expansionism. In general, Andrey Brown's stance in Washington last week that the new agreement "wasn't aimed at anybody," there was little doubt that it was the latest phase in Washington's bid to play the "China card." Indeed, what Brown said by implication, Geng put into words, asking for a "strategic response" to Soviet aggression.

Not only that, but even as Geng talked with Brown, the Chinese premier, Huo Guofeng, is the first trip to Japan by a Chinese leader in 1,000 years, was presenting a similar refrain.

American enthusiasm on arms deals lags behind that of the Chinese largely because of differences over such issues as Taiwan and the presence of U.S. troops in South Korea. Indeed, Brown knew full well that any agreement giving beyond nuclear weapons would be defeated in Congress. Nevertheless, last week's agreement did promise to be of great benefit to the Chinese, allowing as it did for the sale of everything from sophisticated air-defense radar to helicopters and transport planes. Defense experts say these will make the Chinese troops on the Soviet border much more mobile without adding to their treasuries. Predictably, the sales package brought a quick rejoinder in the *Pravda*, the newspaper of the Soviet Communist party. But clearly, it was another development last week that got under the Kremlin's skin. The



Brown and Brown reviewing armaments (left) before guard, convergence of views

Chinese carried out their first successful test of a long-range nuclear missile. And, as Geng assured Washington officials, the missiles would be aimed at the Soviet Union. Not to be outdone, the pressmen linked a "secret report" revealing that it had reorganized some of its attitudes from Chinese to Soviet territory.

James Flinn
with correspondents' files

A fish by any other name

There is something about head flounder (flatfish) that is rather unappealing. It's much the same with baked hog sucker, broiled quail, poached eel and herb-flecked scorpion fish. Suckerily you're not very hungry and that's missing the appeal for the U.S. Federal Marine Fisheries Service because as *The Wolf* Staff Journal has pointed out: "While tamer kinds of food fish dwindle in popularity, dozens of dull, coarse and nutritious species confidently swim and grow, increase and multiply protected by responsible interest."

The fisheries service, however, is doing something about it. So far it has spent \$244,000 (U.S.) on a series of computer-aided studies, international conferences, nationwide opinion polls and expert consultations and says fisheries officer James Brooker has established a series of standards. Fish will be added to future as a result of 1 to 5 star favorability: color, texture, firmness, coarseness and moisture. All fish with the same taste—or, ideally, price—as the sushi-sushi prefer to

call it—will be given the same name to be chosen by another study. "Appetizing and hog suckers might for example become honey fish because they are sweet-tasting. Stump-suckers and long-tailed hokers might become butter

fish" because they melt in your mouth. When the new names are established they are likely to become internationally accepted. Says Brooker, Canadian government officials have already offered to test names in Washington on the subject.

But don't look forward too eagerly to a not-a-lot-of-alack, fish-prunt or pig-fish. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration is challenged the right at the federal service to change fish names. It's our privilege... it's our privilege.

William Lowther



With close-up of teeth, which questions fish's suitability for eating



FIGHT BACK AGAINST CARS THAT CRAMP YOUR LIFESTYLE.

HANDLES LIKE A CAR, CARRIES LIKE A WAGON, BUILT LIKE A SCOUT.

Cars of the 80s are referred to as luxury size, economy size and family size. Let's compare Scout II with these ordinary cars from the outside in. You might be surprised.

The Scout wheelbase is 4" shorter than GM's new X cars for a good turning radius. The overall length of the Scout is 10" shorter than X cars. It means that you can maneuver a Scout in and out of traffic better and park easier than most of North America's hottest new compact.

On the inside Scout gives you the comfort of a big car. It seats 5 adults easily as compared to 4 for many compacts. With the rear seat up, it has almost twice the cargo space of an X car. With the rear seat down, you get a cavernous 82 cubic feet of cargo space. And Scout is built to carry heavy loads.

Introducing the Longest and Best Warranty Package in the Business
At International Harvester we build every one of our engines to last well beyond 160,000 kilometers. That's why we can confidently give you the industry's only 5 year / 160,000 kilometers engine warranty — clean and simple.

During the first 160,000 kilometers or 5 years (whichever occurs first), International Scout will repair or replace, without charge for parts or labor, any parts of the engine block and all internally-lubricated engine components which are defective. This warranty is not transferable and assumes customer's proper care and maintenance. See your dealer for details.

A trouble-free engine is just one reason your International Scout will carry you well into the '90s.

Another reason is our new 5 year no-rust-through protection plan.

During the first 5 years or 160,000 kilometers (whichever occurs first), International Scout will repair or replace any vehicle body component which suffers "perforation" due to corrosion without charge for parts or labor. This warranty is transferable and assumes customer's proper care and maintenance. See your dealer for details.

You don't have to pay extra for the longest and best warranty in automotive history.

More Good Reasons for Scout
Selective 4-wheel drive lets you shift into 4-wheel drive only when you need it. And for normal driving and minimum economy, Scout drives with the two rear wheels. A Scout equipped with automatic locking hubs, allows you to manually shift the lever to send power to all 4 wheels, when you need extra traction to conquer bad weather or bad roads. You have a new kind of driving freedom.

Scout is the only 4-wheel drive vehicle that gives you the choice of a four, six or eight cylinder engine — from economical 196-cu. in. 4 cylinder, to our hard-working, hard-playing 244-cu. in. and 345-cu. in. V-6. Or our turbo-charged six cylinder diesel engine.

Scout "acquire" design provides strength and clearance to protect your investment from potholes and the everyday hazards that push your car to its limit — and beyond.

How to Fight Back

Your International Scout dealer has just what you need to fight back against the compromise of ordinary cars. Before you even consider buying an ordinary car, see drive the International Scout II or the nomadic Scout Traveller.

See your nearest International Scout dealer today.



FIGHT BACK WITH SCOUT.
Anything less is just a car.

She still can't live up to her mother's expectations—"She would prefer I become a cross between *Blue Moon* and *Crash*!"—but it was in a shameless *Sex* book that visited Toronto last week, and she and her solo album, *Devotion*, talk about her recently published biography and feed her head with nothing more psychedelic than chocolate M&M's and Perrier. The avoid queen of *Jefferson Airplane* and *Starship* also bids adieu at 40 and, with her band/manager *Ship*, Johnson at her side, described the book by *Barbara Revins* as high on accuracy but low on insight. "She didn't like rock'n'roll music and was somewhat appalled by any sort of drug-taking," says the musician whose stage has been described as one that "launched a thousand trips." "I wanted to just a rip down her throat and say, 'Okay, you want to write about acid? Here honey, you eat with this for 12 hours and then tell me what you think about it!'"

"It's a cynical little bastard," Paul Williams chortles, referring to his upcoming collared persona as the dimwitted but desperate king in *The Winner of St. Back-in-the-day* companion *Williams* will have to sandwich song-writing in between producing movies—besides, if he has another six features planned for the next few years, including *Gloria of Puma* which, he says emphatically, "is not a *Thelma* story." Despite the inevitable expectations that will be drawn *The film* is a comedy scenario in which a boy (Williams) is dropped into the rare forest only to be joined by an older woman, Elaine. She's 10 years older. "The chance of two people dropped into the jungle being two perfect human specimens of the same sex," explains Williams, "are slim."

"It sounds like something out of a novel," wails McGill University philosophy head *Alastair McKinnon*. Far from a paperback thrill, he is recalling the wacky Capeknight night when he and a colleague visited *Dauphin Malen*—all three being born and bred of the 19th-century father of contemporary Christian existentialism, *Baron Kierkegaard*. Malen's abode McKinnon's companion out the door and head at McKinnon. "Come back in soon so you can see a statue about as tall as you are able to obey the unusual summons until a pair later, when he wrote Malen'shuk that he was coming. But before McKinnon arrived, Malen'shuk dropped dead. Evidently, however, he took a shot to the Montreal scribbles,

since he left McKinnon and McGill 1,000 Kierkegaard towns and enough papers to make the uncertainty one of the best venues for Kierkegaard study in the world. A Kierkegaard study conference is being held in Montreal this week, but McKinnon hopes Kierkegaard won't become too freely a philosopher. There doesn't seem to be a big danger because, as he points out, "They'll have to learn Danish first."

In the past, the political news organ concludes: "Nixon is evidently expecting others to finger him for the job... the man is mad!"

"We never worked under conditions like that," says former-union *Christopher* has with a shiver, recalling the -50°C weather during the filming of *Bar* Island, an \$11.5-million Canadian co-production shot at Stewart, B.C., and

in my time," says the understating Lee, who seems satisfied that, finally, "they've found there's an actor who can make them laugh as well as shudder."

After rehearsing in both a period Polish aviator in *Edward* *Shaw's* *Shaw* and an aging astronaut in *Chew* *Shaw's* *The Cherry Orchard* for her third appearance at the Shaw Festival, Tony Award winner *Carole Shelley* is

"It is a very independent, very positive person," says 57-year-old golfing-in-the-granny *Theresa Tausan*. After her husband died five years ago, she sold the family home in Vermont, B.C., bought a camper and visited every corner of North America. Next week she will lead a 15-seat tour, and she traded giggle of joyousness on a three-month trip up the Dempster Highway to Tuktoyaktuk as the beautiful sea-

grinding-for-life, *Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier*, married divorcee mother of two, *Michelle Bernier*, last week under the watchful eye of 1,000 armed troops and 500 of his courtiers and despotic friends, she left for the "modest" aerial celebration was \$2 million in a country where the average wage is \$150 per year. Despite answers by video press that signs were good for a laugh and happy ones, mother-of-the-groom *Madeline Samson Duvalier* bristled at the marriage and greeted the festivities with an icy stare. Long thought to be Haiti's real power, she and a clique of her friends from *Papa Doc's* ancient regime have recently opposed any attempts at reform. While she will retain her title as First Lady of Haiti, she will likely lose her sphere of influence to her daughter-in-law. As one observer noted, "Michelle is everything they hate—young, smart, liberal and—disputed—shrewd."

Bruce Howe started driving a decade before out of sheer necessity—operating at his favorite recreation spot in British Columbia's golf islands were making off with so many balloons that he had to don a mask just to have enough of the malnourished for his own tastes. Since then, the 46-year-old Howe, who was named president and chief operating officer of forest industry giant *MacMillan Bloedel* last month, has played shockingly into the sport around the world—especially in the South Pacific. Howe says he finds "a mental escape" from his everyday corporate cares in the "silence, omnipresent transparency" beneath the waves, and with an overall income hovering around the \$200,000 mark, still plans to salvage some of his own seed.

Kissing stop with the latest record-setting trend, for *Tawana* (\$13 million), *Canadian's New Order* (\$8 million) and *Powerhouse* (\$3.4 million). Last week a seven-looking collection of art buffs walked, nibbled and tagged its way to a series of auction rooms in Canadian art. Toronto dealer *Shane Lewis* could show the top bid of the evening—\$170,000 for a 1959 *Archie* canvas from the branch of *Group of Seven* member *Frederick Varley*. The high-bidding fever must have been contagious—a *Canadian* *Koludovic* brought \$140,000, while *Alfred Harris* brought \$127,000. Despite the high-rising figures involved, *Loring* insists, "I am not a center of money at all," yet he dares *Varley*, who was destitute most of his life, would "roll over in his grave" if he knew the same his work is fetching.

Edited by *Maureen Peters*



Shaw (left), Lee (center) and Tausan (right) are seen in *Ship* and *Williams*, and *Williams* (right) is seen in *Williams*.

Shaw and Bernier (left) and Howe (right) are seen in *Williams* and *Williams*.

"One can hardly believe one's eyes when reading this mad story," says *Florida* reviewer *Yvonne Kallan*. The surprise is that he isn't referring to a dissident's writings, but the latest scribbles from *Richard M. Nixon—The First Year*. In the book, *Tracy* *Dicke* argues that United States power and prestige have deteriorated to the point of making Soviet domination Kremlin engineers think they have a finger on the pulse of Nixon's political demise. "The former president says that the United States needs a strong new personality to lead the country. Less in the spirit of *discrete* but more in

Glenn Bag, Alaska. After making more than 145 movies, he is sensitive about his strong identification with the ghostly genre and insists it was a "small part" of his career. Lee says he is delighted by the "whole new world" opened up to him after his 1978 appearance on *Saturday Night Live*—he has had comedic roles since then in 1981 and *Shaw*, in the latter playing a weekend gay bike gang leader. The counterpoint will continue when Lee plays a "juvenile prelate" with a bunch of roller-skating children" in a future project tentatively titled *See the Last Days for Me*. "I've played a few less

feeling a little 'schizophrenic' between her run in *The Elephant Man* and her arrival at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., she tried something completely different—a four-week stint on the soap *Another World*. It was exhausting but lucrative, she says. "I made a bundle of money." Despite the Broadway plaudits she has earned and her current *Cherry-Shaw* dance, sub-water *Ira* from *Another World* is the role people recognize her for. "A lot of people don't know from *Topsy*, a lot don't know from *Carole Shelley*, but a lot know from *Ira*." *Sighs* *Shaw*, "Used, the power of television."

The scrupulously adventuresome (average age 40) will join for a ride in bush planes and public buses on his way up the *Macmillan River* Parkway after her first trip up the *Dempster* last summer brought together from 200 women who wanted to join *Tausan* this time, despite warnings about the inevitable death of *Shaw*, *Shaw* and *Shaw*. *Tausan* says, "When they came back, they'll never go back to the four walls of marriage, I promise you."

In a ceremony billed as the social event of the decade, but looking more like a shotgun wedding, *Haiti's* couple

Economy: stalled in midair

Like an aerobically fit Canadian, the economy's performance over the past year to the end, the dual hands of the government and private enterprise take turns in pumping the bellows and playing the keys. Midway through 1980, however, there's precious little over the top, a disappointed performance after the roaring get of the 1970s. Economists peering into the new decade had predicted that 1980 would be a difficult year for the North American economy, and now, approaching the halfway point, it appears they were all too right. Indeed, the decade will be well launched before the economy is on a strong forward course. Even then, the medium-term outlook is only cautiously optimistic at best.

These sobering—if not discouraging—conclusions are reflected in the deliberations in Toronto last week of Michael's Panel of Economists (see box), whose view, though varying widely in a number of key areas of theory and policy, converged at least in one common conviction: the Canadian economy is in a slump. From conservative economist and forecaster John Grant, who characterized the current situation

product (the total value of all goods and services produced in the country) will slow to nearly zero—the lowest growth since 1964. Reduced international demand for Canadian exports—both finished goods and raw materials—will whittle away at Canada's manufacturing trade surplus and enlarge the nation's balance-of-payments deficit. Continuing high prices for imported goods—amounting to about 35 per cent of Canadian consumption—cannot in

unemployment. Even the recent drop in interest rates—which began to tumble in April as mysteriously and dramatically as their painful meteoric rise during last fall and winter—is a signal less of hope than of retreat: it's a sign that fewer people, either businesses or individuals, are borrowing money, and that means less expansion. "In short," noted Dalhousie's John Graham, "the recession, led by the U.S., has been a long time in

to introduce some form of income policy.

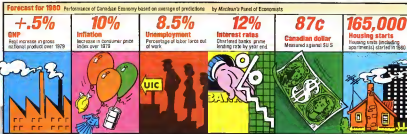
When it comes to isolating the causes of the current economic doldrums, however, an opposing opinion, the economists were more inclined to disagree. All Canadian economists recognize, as Lewent, Oshaghy, McClelland's Anna Graham pointed out, that Canada, far from being isolated from the rest of the world, is "a very small part of the larger global economy." But just how much outside global influence, rather than internal factors, contribute, say, to Canada's current inflation rate is hard, if not impossible, to quantify. University of Waterloo's Clarence Barber argues that the largest single factor in current world—and Canadian—inflation is in-



Here's the need for increased taxation

ing money prices, "the huge tax levied by OPEC on the rest of the world," amounting to an additional \$218-to-\$248 billion during the past year alone. To that, energy expert Gerald Anagnost added the chilling note that, as Canada finds itself forced to close heavy energy centres, which it has yet to do, "we will witness a painful period of adjustment ahead of us long after the U.S., which is already taking a more realistic approach," by raising energy prices now.

What divides economists most is the question of what Canada should do to revive the economy. A more realistic approach may be disappointing that "Keynesianism is dead"—moving as it did in the days of heavy government intervention through fiscal fine-tuning of the economy. This view was simply rejected by the so-called "neoliberalist" approach of Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Browne and former Conservative finance minister John Crosbie, whose policies embraced tight money and deflation reduction on the one hand, as well as a general loosening of government involvement in the marketplace on the other. New, however, with the Liberals back in power, money economists are wondering whether the reverse is true. The deputy finance minister under the Conservatives, Grant Weather, a monetarist, is gone, replaced by Ian Stewart, a Keynesian, and the Liberals



Panel of Economists meets with Michael's editorial staff, (Guthrie bottom) shows their view on money, pinning up loans



as a "mild recession" to nationalist Abraham Rotstein, who described today's economy as "staring time—in a state of stasis," views expressed around the table universally reflected the same assessment of the current state of the nation's pocketbook.

The likely result is that during 1980 the increase in Canada's gross national

product by the low level of the Canadian dollar, will add to the consumer price index, giving greater momentum to inflation. Rotstein desired for Canadian goods, both at home and abroad, combined with inventory buildup occurring during the past two years, progress, prices, will curtail business expansion, leading to an increase in

coming, and now is sure with some force. There will be very little, if any, growth before 1981—and in fact, the picture isn't too good until the mid-1980s." Despite those slowdowns, the panel showed surprising unanimity in its fear of escalating wage demands, which could, they said, reach such out-pacing levels that it may be necessary

Introducing: Panel of Economists

The nine-member Michael's Panel of Economists will meet twice a year to provide a confidential forum for identifying and evaluating the health of the Canadian economy by reviewing both current performance and longer-term trends. Selected to assure a regional and occupational cross section of working economists as well as a wide range of philosophical points of view, the panel includes Dr. Gerald Anagnost, former chief economist with the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce in Toronto, now assistant director of Calgary's Canadian Energy Research Institute.

Prof. Clarence Barber, professor of economics at the University of Montreal in Winnipeg, co-author of a federal policy alternative study for the Canadian Institute for Economic Policy.



Roberts: economy in a state of stasis

Prof. Bernard Bogen, a former professor with the Quebec government studied the impact of homogeneity association teachers at the Ecole Normale d'Administration Publique, Montreal.

Martin-Josée Dubois, executive director at Montreal's Canadian Council of the New York-based Hudson Institute. (Unable to attend the first meeting, she was substituted by her son.)

Prof. J. Ian Graham, has taught economics at McGill's Graduate University since 1949; past president of the Canadian Economics Association.

Dr. John Grant, former economics head at both the University of Economics and the University of Toronto, is a civil engineer and a director of the Wood Gundy investment firm.

Anna Guthrie, for five years senior economist with Sun Life, now a market forecaster with the Toronto investment house of Lewent, Oshaghy, McClelland & Co. Ltd.

Douglas G. Peters, vice-president and chief economist with the Toronto-Dominion Bank; he has recently co-authored a monetary policy study.

Prof. Abraham Rotstein, professor of political economy at the University of Toronto, vice chairman of the Canadian Institute for Economic Policy.

are showing signs of returning to a more interventionist approach toward managing the economy. "The monetarists," shouted Terence Donohue, Bank chief economist Douglas Peters, "are in disarray"—adding that Crobat's "short-termism for long-term gain" approach produced nothing more than unemployment and instability. Not so, countered Wood Dandy's John Grant, who argues that reducing the government deficit, projected this year at \$14.2 billion, was, and should still be, a matter of high priority. Graham added that a "monetarist deficit" approach wouldn't work in the current economic circumstances anyway. To make any impact, he said, the government would have to double the deficit—clearly an unacceptable solution. Mario-Jean Desautel of the Hudson Institute says that "we have reached a plateau in terms of the government's capacity to intervene and live with the economy."



Drouin (left): Graham: natural resources must be part of the national policy

Frustrating the panel was the continuing constitutional uncertainty clouding the distribution of powers and ownership of wealth—particularly resource income—between the federal and provincial governments. In spite of the result of the Quebec referendum, which has "induced at least an area of uncertainty," the panel agreed the

larger problem is far from settled and must, as Angorne said, be "quickly resolved."

Montreal's Graham argued strongly that "natural resources must be part of the national patrimony—otherwise we don't have a country at all." Quebecer Bernard Borne, whose studies were crucial to the Parti Québécois in assessing the economic feasibility of sovereignty-independence, took the philosophical approach that consti-

tutional reform "will probably lead to increased nationalism within Canada—which, in turn, will lead to a increased awareness of the need for increased centralism."

With constitutional certainty a high priority as the road to rejuvenating the Canadian economy both in the short and long term, Maclean's panel supported a wide range of other potential government policy shifts. Picking up from Borne, who lamented that in some sectors of the economy, "Canadians are still talking about the same problems as we were 25 years ago," Borne called for a greater emphasis on selective con-

servation by national standards as the consumer issues under the adjustment to tighter energy prices—according to Lawrence Drouin, McCutcheon & Co. Ltd.'s Anna Gulline. Another factor in her prediction of higher inflation in 1985 (12 per cent) compared with under 10 per cent in 1984 is an anticipated change in bank loans and equity prices. Only as employment begins to pick up in the second half of next year will consumer spending start to improve.

The more optimistic view is taken by John Street, who believes that the federal government's much-maligned program of monetary restraint will finally start to bear that steel price in the form of lower inflation (5.5 per cent, compared with 8.8 per cent in 1983). If that is the case, wage increases may actually get a boost on inflation for the first time in many years. He also expects the consumer to dip into his savings if they reached the historically high rate of 10.5 per cent in 1979 in order to prop up his lifestyle. But although a healthier consumer could sustain the economy, consumer spending still appeared to have the same importance in the economy in the 1980s that it had in the 70s and the 60s. With population growth slowing down and the problems of inflation still largely unresolved, in the opinion of most panel members it will be surprising by tomorrow as new plants and equipment—rather than by consumers on dishwashers and television sets—that will provide the real boost to the decade.

Gillian Mackay

pane, and the government will be powerless to help out. With a \$14.2 billion deficit projected for this year, the federal government does not have the same room to manoeuvre—explained Calgary economist Donald Angorne. As a result, the consumer may not live much more in 1985 than did

Angorne: slide have no room to manoeuvre



in 1979. He could even be buying less. The cheery picture may improve somewhat in 1984 when the consumer began the task of sorting the economy in instead of a sharp rebound, however economists expect growth in spending to be held down by whopping increases in energy prices and perhaps another round of food price inflation. Recovery will be



YOU GET A GREAT DEAL WHEN YOU SUBSCRIBE TO

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Maclean's

Up and about in Maclean's, Box 1240, Station A, Willowdale, Ontario M2H 6A7

JUST ABOUT 5¢ A DAY!

YES, send me Maclean's at the below subscription rate calculated below—a 62% saving off the \$1 cover price

☐ 40 issues only \$14.95 (Save \$25.02 off cover price)

☐ 60 issues only \$22.50 (Save \$37.50 off cover price)

Subscribe now, and you'll get Maclean's at savings you simply can't ignore—and a great deal more besides.

You get all the news worth knowing, week after exciting week. World news, national news, local news... news profiles, features and analyses.

From Tehran to Toronto, Whitehorse to the White House... Maclean's covers, investigates and probes the issues of the day. With candid, on-the-spot reports on business, politics and sports... on people and places. With lively, in-depth looks at the latest trends and ideas, previews and reviews... and so much more.

And you get it all from a uniquely Canadian perspective that helps you better understand the issues that affect you most.

Plus we have our iron-clad guarantee of complete satisfaction or your money refunded on all unmailed copies. No questions asked.

What's more, you save 62% off the current cover price when you subscribe to Maclean's now. And that comes to just about 5¢ a day.

Now that's a great deal!

Get in on a great deal. Complete and return the coupon at right. Today.

Come home to Maclean's

First Name _____ Last Name _____
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ Province _____
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later
Postal Code _____
Valid only in Canada
52123

industrial "I reject the old claim that \$2 million is a small market," he said. "Look at Quebec, where 56 per cent of the goods consumed are produced in Quebec. The rest of Canada should stop being so import-prone by fostering strong specialist industries." Both Guthrie and Doolittle agreed that there has been a distressingly frequent tendency in the past for government either to prop up "losers" or to misapply regional development incentives by

backing the wrong industries in the wrong places.

Almost every member of the panel agreed that greater efficiencies must be achieved throughout the economy in terms of costs and productivity. The incomes policy they predicted, for example, could help achieve this, though it should not be seen as sweeping as the popular—and largely ineffective—regime of the late anti-inflation band. Anytime suggested productivity might be improved by the wider application of employee profit-sharing plans or tax incentives based on productivity. Grant pointed to the need for greater mobility within the labor force—increased flexibility that could be encouraged, for example, by introducing portable pension plans. In short, the *Maclean's* Panel of Economists clearly favors a government course of action employing a full quiver of fiscal and policy measures going well beyond simply a passive hands-off neoclassical approach.

Nevertheless, more often a statistical reckoning calculated after the fact than a broad-and-butter reality when it's so

curring, will be dealt with in Canada for more carefully than in members of other Western economies, the panelists agreed. Though economic statisticians and Doolittle sounded a darker note on the lack of policy leadership in the country, the panel generally took the view that, if collective good judgment prevails—in the boardrooms, in bargaining sessions and throughout constitutional talks—Canada should be in good time for the 1980s. *Anthony Whittingham*

Barber infatigably nailed by one's lady

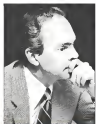


stocks, and a similar increase for energy stocks, depending on the volume of all-long negotiators between Alberta and the federal government. Foreign interest in energy stocks should continue to lead strength to the Canadian dollar, he said. Other stocks will stagnate or decline until its recovery period to next year. In the past year and a half, the Canadian stock market has moved about twice as fast as the New York market, based on several key Canadian advantages: strength in earnings and resources, rising corporate profits, and the depressed level of the Canadian dollar. Although a recession may remove some of these advantages, the panel was optimistic about the longer-term prospects of the stock market. The rain of corporate take-overs in the past two years has enhanced investor appreciation of stock market values and has removed a number of stocks from the market that pushing up demand for those that remain.

And Canada possesses a number of special strengths, noted Clarence Barber. "Businesses are becoming increasingly aware worldwide and lower countries why any political stability. And Barber even in 1980 we will see a moderate increase in the stock market. And with the recovery that will continue."

Gillian MacKay

Peters: the neoclassical anti-inflation



Taking stock of the market

Falling interest rates in the past two months have put some much-needed vigor back into Canadian stock markets, giving them a long overdue advance. But as the rally lulled last week, it had added urgency to the question: how long can the stock boom last?

The hopeful cloud hanging over the market is a decline in corporate profits, the year that is certain to accompany the current recession. The *Maclean's* Panel of Economists predicts that pre-tax profits will advance by less than 10 per cent in 1980 (which could mean a decline while inflation at least into account), compared with a near-doubling over all 33 per cent in 1979. Once these dismal results start to become evident by the end of the summer, it could send the market into a tailspin. John Grant notes the Toronto Stock Exchange Index going as low as 1500 in 1960 points by the end of the year is potential. 2500 point drop from last week a high of 2007 points. Falling interest rates provide a boost to the market as investors pull their funds out of short-term interest-bearing deposits and place them into equities, but Grant noted that rates are not likely to drop much far



Grant: stock market headed for a lull

ther. He also sees problems in plans for high flying equity stocks, whose high prices reflect a view of profit growth which is overly optimistic.

The challenge to the gloomy scenario comes from those who believe that because the recession has been forecast for so long, its impact on corporate profits is already largely reflected in depressed stock market prices. According to this view the market absorbed the blast at the last week in March when it dropped to 1671 points from a high of 2144 points in February. Thus, although the market could bounce up and down with volatile interest rates for the rest of the year, the worst could be over. David Anglin says a possible 15-per-cent gain in financial

Sports

Can an empire strike back at an Eagle?

By Derek Clayton

With the tempo of a well-paced drama, the R Allan Eagleson empire was apparently tumbling down. The stage was set with backstage depicting recent Canadian hockey mishaps—the dismal performance of the Olympians at Lake Placid, N.Y., the cancellation, again, of the Canada Cup, and, for the first time in two years, Lord Stanley's silver chalice in the hands of a U.S. team. But the highlight first dined in February: Act 1. The St. National Hockey League player rep met as a winter day in Detroit. By secret ballot, a seven-man committee is elected to find a successor to Eagleson as the new Player's Association executive director. Act 2. March. Bill Watties, Eagleson's chief negotiator, walks out, taking several employees with him. Act 3. April. Bobby Orr, former NHL superstar, withdraws his 15-year friendship and lifetime association with Eagleson. Act 4. May. The International Ice Hockey Federation threatens to drop Canada as the organizing country after learning the Canada Cup has been cancelled. The Eagleson empire, however, breathes at once. Canada Cup, over. Watties and Orr, and command (withdrawn from the NHLPA) is striking back.

On a sunny spring afternoon, in his 11th-floor corner suite of offices at the heart of Toronto's business community, the empire walks. The stress and strain from the past several weeks has caused a 36-year-old lacrosse injury to flare up with such a vengeance it has splintered the "Eagle," forcing him to stay flat on his back. He must decide whether or not to undergo laser surgery, followed by nine weeks of traction, to correct a herniated disc, which is shooting pain down his back, numbing his right leg.

Paid to Act 1. Mike Milbury inflates a Tompex Eagleson movement. The Boston Bruin defenseman suggests Eagleson devote his energies to running the 500-man union at an annual salary of \$240,000. Eagleson, who formed the organization in 1966, laughs it off. "The association couldn't afford it and neither could I." (For his role in hockey's labor leader, he has an NHLPA approximately \$70,000 a year.)



From other enterprises he expects to gross \$1 million this year and, after expenses, to net well over \$200,000.

Act 1. Scene 2. February. At a NHLPA meeting in Detroit, another attack on the "Eagle's" domain is launched when a decision is made to elect a seven-man committee to find his full-time successor a bilingual lawyer, at an annual salary of \$200,000. A secret ballot vote elects Mike Milbury and players Darryl Bittler, Tony and Phil Rapoport and two

Hockey Canada's Joe Lanthier, Eagleson and as some see him "hockey-reading" issue

On (left), Eagleson's setting a profit

lives. Yet Eagleson's influence with the other players turns this seeming palace revolt into a victory. He had already offered his resignation but the players refused it. Finally, they accepted his plan to retire as executive director in 1982 and be retained as a consultant on the condition that he head up the "replace Eagleson" committee.

Act 2. March. Bill Watties declares his independence over a difference in philosophy on fees. "I was pressured to



Photo: Lanthier

charge 10 per cent, "that was okay," says Walters, "but when I heard the competition were charging only six or seven per cent, I could no longer justify the 10." Eaglesmen weren't piqued, though he has keepers looking into the matter because "there was an understanding he wouldn't compete." Eaglesmen figure he will only profit from Wattred's ouster. "His attack on my clients will only affect the junior hockey players," he says. "But you don't make any money as junior hockey players who make under \$100,000." Panning to calculate the situation, the Eagle says, "I would think with 800 and the number of employees that have gone with him, we will not be making money" (Walters was paid a bonus, expenses and a salary which added up to well over \$100,000 a year). "He feels he can make twice that I suppose—but I didn't teach him all the tricks I know," says the Eagle.

Act II. Bobby Orr officially departs in April. Orr wanted to cover all his as quickly as possible, so Eaglesmen bought him out of their agreement. The day Orr walked out the door declaring, "I want to attend to my own affairs," was a sad day for both and, undoubtedly, the deepest cut of all. "I'm finished with playing hockey and Eaglesmen in that order, and now I just want to get on with my new life."

Act IV. May. Gantner Bohlen, president of the International Ice Hockey Federation, obviously ticked off at hearing that the Canada Cup tournament was cancelled for the second time in two years, threatened to pull the event out of Hockey Canada and turn it into a "World Cup," run by the IHF. Eaglesmen says he will make a decision by the end of the year as to whether or not he will try for a replay in September, 1991, but "we may never see it again," he admits.

Now, with a net worth of close to \$2 million, B. Alan Eagleson, 49, can afford to ride out his future. His ambitions have crystallized. By leaving a lucrative low partnership to arrange the first Canada Cup tournament, he gained an international, if sullied, in some quarters, reputation. Architect of the 1981 crisis, he can retire satisfied with that. Eagleson wants to spend his time as the "money-making" corporate sector of his operation, with clients such as Standard Brands Ltd. and Coca-Cola Ltd. "That's where my future lies." And if he is as wise as he is selfish, he will head the administration and avoid a stressful situation. He says he's doing that, keeping potshots, reminding over the past weekend's summit meeting of NHL owners and the NHL Players Association in Nassau in the Bahamas. The engine has been shaken but it endures. ☐

It's spring so it must be rites

It begins each year when the hockey jacks are finally put away, the skates and stored Toronto rise at spring. The war was still raging in Korea the last time the Argonauts won the Grey Cup, but each year since then the troops are readied, the thrill of reliving seasons sets the rhythm, a fever is heralded and the annual dance of the twines begins again. Vireo, quiet optimism springs eternal and once again the Argonauts are on the road to the Cup On paper.

Humbled heads are basking at Canadian Football League training camps across the country, where hope also glimmers. In Edmonton and Montreal the hope is well-founded on a decade of confidence, it struggles but is not lost in Calgary and Ottawa, seeks reason in

strut themselves. Coach Forrest Gregg was supposed to walk them across the water but quickly got cold feet and went back to the U.S. This year, Gregg's old team-mate from the Green Bay Packers of the National Football League, Willie Wood, is at the helm, the only black head coach in pro football. He inherited a shaky lot, but last week the star of the 1980 riots arrived with the announcement that they had signed the Packers No. 1 draft choice, defensive tackle Bruce Clark.

The Montreal Alouettes had set the precedent last year when they signed the No. 1 college draft pick of the year's Buffalo Bills, Tom Cousineau. Shock waves rippled through the U.S. league, fans stormed the Bills' offices in Buffalo, Chicago. But Cousineau reserved enough \$5-cent dollars to make him love his native land and forsake a career in the NFL. And Clark is a definite departure from the Toronto mess-mould. No fussy halfback, the 20-year-old stands six feet, three inches and weighs 275 pounds. The Argos have him working out at right defensive end even though he says "I play better on the left, but that's okay."

The Packers had wanted Clark to play



Clark: definitely not 'the messiah mold'

Vancouver and Winnipeg; and runs on the pressmen's staff of Harold Ballard in Hamilton, AB, but this year in Toronto.

In a league held together by community-owned teams in the West and maverick businessmen in the East, the Argos have long been an enigma. Endowed by the annual ritual—signing of "mavericks"—Tobin Roze, Leon McKelvey, Anthony Davis, Terry Metcalf (enter the Argos even brought in the incredible Malik, Toronto fans every year forget the mavericks of the previous season and stress the journey to the stadium by the lake. Only last year did they re-

nose guard, but he didn't want to. "That's how I got hurt in college, because three guys got at you, each play I don't want to get hit, by three experienced NFL linemen." Clark also spent a weekend in Toronto with running back Terry Metcalf. "Terry was the most important factor in my coming here, but I was very impressed with the city." His collection at \$6-cent dollars has not been disclosed.

And on the optimistic dance on back in town. Across the U.S., they wait to see how the latest disaster will fare up north. And, across Canada, NFL teams and cities will wait for the Grey Cup game this fall to see if the Redskins are still alive.

Hal Quinn



Charm counts: The beautiful European vineyard. And the sound of music with professional facilities

Flights of Fantasy

Experiences CPAir First Class

And innovative in-service steps in tradition.

It begins with special pre-flight privileges including personalized check-in and an invitation for you to relax and refresh in the calm and comfort of our Empress Lounge.

It continues in your own private, unwindowed cabin, with wide, comfortable seating, individual entertainment, and knowledgeable, professional attendants who honestly care about your personal well-being.

It culminates in classic cuisine, unimaginatively prepared and served to you, one delectable dish at a time, along with the finest in European wines and liquors.

CPAir First Class.

It makes a reality of your fantasies about flying in style across Canada and the skies beyond.

Indulge yourself.

CPAir Ltd.



CP Air Ltd. is a registered trademark of Canadian Pacific Ltd.

On the stickiest night of the year...guess which apartment has the Carrier room air conditioner?

Here's a hint: its occupants are sleeping comfortably, due to Carrier's cool and quiet operation. They'll be able to count on years of quiet, air conditioned comfort, because the Carrier room air conditioner is built for long-lasting performance, with

quality components like a weather exterior cabinet. They're sleeping peacefully, because they're confident they made a good buy. Their Carrier dealer explained to them how their choice was not just quiet and effective...but how it also

has a higher energy efficiency rating (and so, costs less to operate) than most of its competition. He assured them they'd made the right choice. Call your Carrier dealer today, and sleep well tomorrow.

Ask your Carrier dealer how a Carrier air conditioner can benefit you. He's in the yellow pages, under Room Air Conditioners.



No. 1 air force in the world.

Films

Requiem for the western

THE LONG RIDERS
Directed by Walter Hill

The *Long Riders* has much to recommend it, not only does it survive the blatant box-office guesswork of having four sets of actor brothers—in fact, the fraternal bonding enhances the film—but it also may be the best cinematic start-up of the Jesse James legend, a tightly-edged, hard-boiled film that evokes perfectly both time and place. What's more, there are some compelling performances: David Carradine, at his nerdy and cynical best, gives us a Cole Younger scared to the hunch inevitability of life; Pamela Reed plays Cole's girl, Belle Star—a widow whose heart is neither gold nor brass but a lot of both—with remarkable subtlety, and the unknown Keith brother, Jamie, as Jesse, is convincing as a Calvinist preacher, but faces a startling counterpoint of Buster Keaton and William S. Hart.

But, with all that said, the film somehow fails to truly excite the soul, to pump up that adolescent blood. In other words, it doesn't do what a good western should do. There has always been more to the better westerns (Hugh Hoot, *Shogun*) than simple narrative, but that's all there is to *The Long Riders* as an entertainment way to kill a couple of hours. What all this points to is the contention that, as a film genre, the western probably is quite steadily dead. *Long Riders*, along with *Ten Men a Crowd*, *Lawless* film—was to signal the beginning of another western cycle, but it seems unlikely. A similar prediction was made in the mid-'60s, when few were fanatical attempts—*The Missouri Breaks* and *The Shootist*, to name two—failed to bring crowds galloping up to the box office.

Ironically, the decline of the western is probably Sam Peckinpah's fault. Just over a decade ago, *The Wild Bunch* was released; it was, literally, the western's end all westerns, concluding not only with the end of the cowboy era but the shattering of all the conventions peculiar to the genre. Once you know the ending, it's much harder to sit through all those movies. Even if the good guys make it through the last reel, we know that in five or 10 years they'll get hit by a streptococcal or die of the clap. All the people involved with *The Long Riders* can take pride in what they've done. The real question is: should it have been done at all? **John Gork**



The one scotch.

The one to start with. The one to stay with.
Johnnie Walker Red Label.
So smooth it's the world's number one Scotch.

the foot in the street. If so, then all that should matter for Pierre Trudeau is his legitimacy, for Guy Laforest, his statistician. As our most important international novelist or, perhaps more importantly, as a journalist interpreting Canada for foreign publications, Mordecai Richler is far more than the sum of his written word. *Joshua* is in such a document that it is the only place of Richler's long-awaited return to literature.

But *Joshua* also has much to say about its readers. "The readers are not aware of *Joshua*," wrote Saturday Night Editor Robert Pollard, a longtime Richler friend, "are absolutely and directly an account of Richler's own redness and anger." In *Joshua* who speaks a darker parody for a wailing German intellectual than he suggests credit-card serial numbers should be tattooed on dental arms. It was Richler, though, who acknowledged Mrs. Sam Beaufort's salute to him following the movie premiere of *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*: "Well, you've come a long way for a St. Urbain Street boy" — with a early "Well, you've come a long way for a bootlegger's wife." And it was a early Richler who told author Richard Rohrer at an otherwise uneventful party: "If you cared anything at all about letters, you'd never go near a typewriter."

"Obviously he's very awkward," says a woman who has known Richler for several years. "I don't know how much as redness and how much a simply awkward — looking, somewhat —" He can offend, apparently, even when keeping quiet: "Mordecai does not have neutral silence," says one of his closest friends, Duddy director Tad Kotcheff. "He's very direct. His silence will absolutely kill other people's egos." "Mordecai is a person who is jacking them even when he's not."

But the tongue, when in use, is formidable, far more so than the man. Only five feet, eight inches, and with a flap of thick dark hair that gives him the professional look of a hooded messenger, Richler is far from the athlete he loves to write about. A stationary bicyclist by his work desk, a gift from his wife, Florence, two years ago, but it never used. The apathy of his mind, however, is most impressive, and the distance covered remarkably discreet. "I deplore the writer as a personality," he wrote 12 years ago, yet today he says that because "I have a book coming out, I'll do what's necessary. I want as many readers as I can get."

Generally popular in Canada, he is seen as a writer's writer in the United States, which is about as financially rewarding as being a writer's writer.

Told about in the same circles as Joseph Heller and Philip Roth, he has never blended into them in the book register line, and the fact remains that his most widespread distribution has come from a rather wonderful children's book, *Joshua Two-Two Meets the Flooded Frog*, written at the request of his youngest child, Jacob, and dedicated to all his five children. *Joshua's* total print run for all of North America and Great Britain is a hardly remarkable 60,000, a third of which will be turned out by Canada's McClelland & Stewart. Paperback rights have been sold to Bantam for an undetailed figure — undisclosed, trade rumors have it because the rights went for only \$40,000. A guaranteed

man's reading them, he was mostly changing into a clean shirt. And there are stories mysteriously out of sorts with the story, odd usage. When a Montreal newspaper person found himself hours away from leaving his house, he found Richler pushing a cheque for \$4,000 across a smug-smoked bar table and then, a year later, refusing to accept a cent of interest apart from a long night's happy drinking. And when a very close, old friend suffered a nervous breakdown in Europe, it was Richler who flew over with comfort, awkwardly gathering the aid friend in his arms, hugging him tightly and unashamedly crying in sympathy. "Mordecai," says Kotcheff, "finds life very painful. He's

not an unhappy man—he has his pleasures—but he does find life is sometimes like walking on your eyelids."

It has not always been Harry Martin and Woodstock apartments. In 1968 Richler and Kotcheff shared a grungy \$24-a-week flat in London at 5 Winchester Road, Swiss Cottage. They shared not good times, the long nights without sleep, the days thick with haze and ecstasies. Kotcheff was a promising television director. Richler, with three novels behind him, was a successful writer in all areas but sales, which were frightful. In debt to Kotcheff, he couldn't believe his luck when British film director Jack Clayton came to him and offered a rewrite job on a

relin from the boys' Steaming more than rewriting. Richler finds inspiration in past inimitables and his life contains a contrasting life, of large and small joys. His parents' divorce when he was only 13. His father's lingering death from cancer. An attempt in the 1950s to start up a literary correspondence with a literary lion, Morley Callaghan, failed, when Callaghan neglected to answer Richler's queries. The fact that Callaghan is a notoriously poor letter-writer failed to take the sting out of it. A letter from a critic pro-

With Kotcheff's help, writer Richard Dwyer as well as "Sheddy Kresner," a house from somewhere else had blown on him.



Richler in Paris 1964 (left), at work in Montreal (above), at a shopping center in 1968 writing on typewriter and clean sheets.



called him "a metal merchant"—he is today comfortable, if not wealthy. The advance on *Joshua* add up to roughly \$25,000, his parents with the Book of the Month Club pay him a salary he says is by itself enough to live on, his journalism must bring in more than \$20,000 a year, there are continuing sales of past books, and he has recently agreed to write an original screenplay for Warner Brothers for \$75,000 down and a further \$250,000 should the film actually be made. No doubt he could be far wealthier if he didn't mind to writing for film but he turns down most offers saying that when he does it, it is for one reason only: "to horrify my other work." Besides, he adds, screen-

ment seller in Canada, it will have a struggle in the United States but, as Jack Newmeyer, a Richler friend and former vice-president of the New York-based Book of the Month Club, says: "He'll end up with that shelf of books, no blockbuster probably, but a shelf that will add up to an impressive body of work."

"Each novel is a failure," Richler believes, "or there would be no room for the books already." In a living cabinet in the cluttered workshop he has made of the dining area in an elegant eighth-floor apartment on the edge of Mount Royal, there is the hope of a new novel already, tentatively entitled *Sheddy Wins Here*. In it there may likely be a character named Macky, and he is almost certain to say "Paranoia marks a Jew's coming of middle age." And it will be much more than a passing comment. Indeed, what truly drives Mordecai Richler is not energy but worry. Those very few who knew Richler well were not disturbed when Richler walked in on his surprise 60th birthday party this past January and immediately ran into his bedroom and shut the door. He



script that had gone badly from the start. The working title was *Room at the Top* and, with five weeks of Richler sweat poured into it, the film would go on the following year to win an Oscar, with Richler receiving no credit whatsoever for his work. But he didn't care. What he needed then was money, and when he went to Clayton to pick up the agreed fee of \$2,000 he immediately had it converted in 25 notes coming back to Swiss Cottage, he buried the door open on Kotcheff, walked to the corner of the flat and proudly thumbed the bill under Kotcheff's nose, the air and his imagination full of a new sense of his worth. Writing for Richler, has always involved revenge. Part, he wrote for money. Ignored, he wrote to be recognized. He has said he turned to this profession "to get my own back" and even today, with more than a quarter-century of revenge behind him, the inner anger continues to lash out. It has made of him a contradiction, a *Jef*, a *Hyde*, the shy and very private warner of the man who acts down each morning at 9 to the typewriter intricately set of type with the cold, and fiery that

dear in 1968 doubting the veracity of Richler's translation of an Isaac Babel play probably delayed his return to Canada by several years, since Richler took to avoiding the letter whenever an attack of homesickness hit him.

Forgiveness may be divine for some but it has never been easy for Richler. The motor theory of Neum and the Holocaust runs constantly throughout his work and he has never been able to settle this particular hatred, even though in the fall of 1978 he accepted an occasional affairs-sponsored visit to West Germany and went with the hope that he might come to some understanding. But wait a minute—a look of scorn on a hotel, an empty freight car—only triggered all the darker horrors of his imagination. He knew then that forgiveness was not within him. "Not from me, I fear," he remarked at the time. "The best that can be hoped for, I think, is possibly, just possibly, my children will forgive them."

He grew up angry and poor and, ironically, the former would become the currency that brought him from the latter. The son of a junk man—his mother

plays require different creative muscles than books. Indeed they do, agree his bookish editor at Knopf in New York, Robert Gottlieb, who says that when Richler turns to film he writes "with his apophoric muscle."

Richler's journalism, however, is not so easily forgiven. Though its payoff is not nearly so large as film, it is despite certain critics who are not impressed. "A nice sense of the indifference as a novelist and scriptwriter," scored *Canadian Forum*, "but lacks with respect for analysis or political judgment." Richler, however, is more than a competent journalist; but his stature has soared well beyond his ability for the simple reason that, to international publications, he has become the Canadian writer. "Whatever comes in Canada," says Saturday Night, "Richler interprets it to the outside world." And it is in this office that galls so many, that produces editorials in the *Toronto Star* titled "Mordecai, enough's enough."

The true value of journalism for



Pride & Joy.



ALFA OWNERS ARE AMONG THE PROUDEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD. Just ask one. He'll tell you Alfa is more than just a car. It's a whole new way of life. Number 1 in Alfa's sport open Spider or our wide-chested dynamic GT. Just compare Alfa. You'll find an all-around car with double overhead camshafts, low wheel power disc brakes, a five-speed gear box and one of the only four-cylinder, fuel-injected engines available. All at a standard option. Neither Porsche 924 nor BMW 320i can match everything an Alfa has. No wonder Alfa owners are so proud.



BEYOND AN ALFA, NOW GET A THREE SIX HUNDRED DOLAR BLUPOINT CAR STEREO SYSTEM. Includes Bluetooth CD/VIDEO AM/FM stereo cassette radio, amplification, speakers and electronic antenna. Offer expires August 31, 1992.



Alfa Romeo Inc.
Importers and Distributors, Eastern and Central Canada, 14 Doncaster Avenue, Unit 5, Toronto, Ontario M1T 1S1 (416) 669-5262, Telex 96-94557.

For the Alfa Romeo dealer nearest you, contact Alfa Cars Inc. for the dealer list in your area below:
Canada: Burlington, Galt, Hamilton, Kingston, London, Oakville, Ottawa, Scarborough, Thornhill, Toronto, Windsor.
Central Canada: Winnipeg.
Quebec: Montreal, Lac-Belle, Ste-Foy, Nova Scotia, Dartmouth.



With wife, Florence, and children in London, 1970: The look of a hooded manager.

some went to Roquebrun, near Monte Carlo, intending to join old friends Stanley and Florence Mann in a shared villa. Once there, however, he and Catherine separated. Stanley headed home to Kent, leaving Richter and Florence to begin their larger-than-life romance. Another random incident in his life, one that he would come to know as the true proof of his existence.

But everything was about the centre of the whirlwind was gone. Paris without Hemingway, Spain without a revolution, Europe without a war. He came to realize there was no more excitement in his own memory than his surroundings and would one day conclude, "The first 30 years are important years for a writer—after that, the doors on perception close." His would not be the case; he would be, instead, the Jewish look, his would be, instead, the Jewish ghetto of Montreal in the 1940s, the Turkish houses at the synagogue, the smoky nighttime reading of *Belacqua* occurs, the public humor of the high-school washroom. "I do feel forever rooted in St. Urbain Street," he told *Globe*. "It was my time, my place, and I have elected myself to get it exactly right."

He would go on to become a deadly serious novelist. He would, like other novelists, be concerned with the condition of man but it would not be a philosophy served at through the study of heroic acts or a clear division of good and evil. Rather, Richter would wake his case "for that much about man, the square." He would deal with inner more than outer landscapes, coming to call himself "a kind of loser's advocate." His books would resemble the disquieting energy and broken brain cells of shock therapy, and the closeness of such an experience would have a heavy, heavy coat. His mother, who also referred to him as "the lovely Jewish," was returned completely co-

traged from him, though they live in the same city—the result of his portraits of a dying, petty victiming mother in St. Urbain's *Memoirs*. His brother, Avram, an entrepreneur in St. John's, Newfoundland, would grow more and more distant and once there would be no contact there, either.

The past Jan. 8, McClelland & Stewart held a sales conference at Toronto's downtown Holiday Inn. The main authors of the spring season were to be introduced to the sales force and Richter, wary of any public pathing, had come as the featured luncheon speaker only out of a strong sense of duty to Jack McClelland. Obviously uncomfortable, he walked, head bowed, into the meeting room and straight into the scorching hand of Judy LaMarsh, a costume recipient of Richter's type-writer tongue. "How do you do, Mr. Richter," she said in a friendly voice. "The always been a great admirer of yours—though I know you certainly don't feel the same way about me," Richter, rather than gracefully waving the moment, frowns. "Well..." he finally said, ducked his head to hide his discomfort further and ceased himself quickly. A small moment, but subject to the usual misinterpretations. Some who were there thought Richter exceedingly rude. Richter merely wanted to end a bad moment quickly, unable to articulate the warmth that was straining, but losing, within.

Deliberately he stopped away before the luncheon was over, duty performed, action left to the ravages of gossip. Unable to deliver comfort, he could at least go home to it, back to Florence, to his children, to the lasting need that he

ears exists above beyond his reach. Back home, the hotel would exist solely in his typewriter. Oscar Peterson, nothing from the stereo, the ring-necked dove cooing softly in its cage. Moses Marmeladov's trial-wars. The Ode to the Porphyry in an honest place in the center of the backache? It is a book in which the renowned Hebrew scholar agrees that it is simply not true that "a good thing is found only exceptionally." But Joshua isn't sure, not in Mordecai Richter. They think the scholar might be wrong, that the only good is truly rare. And they are themselves proof that the scholar is indeed wrong.

Desperate encounters of middle age

JOSHUA THEN AND NOW by Mordecai Richter and Stewart \$18.95

Some don't think his writing is anti-Semitic. Some nationalists think his essays are anti-Canadian. After the publication of his new novel no doubt some homosexuals will think his characters anti-gay, while anti-apartheid (most-right) gay will not be happy about the button Mordecai Richter has one of his characters wear. THE INCIDENT CAME THE ENTIRE FAMILY CAN PLAY. Neither, unless it really is meant to capture the dark-market climate, will Mordecai's once elegant Sir-Charles Head welcome Richter's assessment of its current patron as "last-remembered girls who favored black parties, DYNASTY on based on the couch."

Richter's enemies are the surest sign of the accuracy of his barbs. He has been the foe of pomposity, pretension and fake friendship since his first novel, *The Ambrose* (1954). In literary terms

Joshua is his richest and most ambitious novel. The St. Urbain Street crowd has his middle age and middle age (particularly, it seems, Jewish middle age) is notorious for the nagging little metaphysical questions it raises about the meaning of life and the inevitable between isolation and accomplishment.

Some of the old St. Urbain crowd have now made it to Westmount where they live trapped behind a draping canopy of wired alarm systems. Some have married gentiles but the Jewishness only adds to their uniqueness. Richter's here, Joshua Shapiro, a sportswriter of some fame, suffers from everything. He is married to Fannie, a beautiful girl of decency and high-wire acrobatics. He is plagued with the feeling that his solitary will always look slightly Semitic-salmon next to the speaking whites of Fannie's smart set. His mother remains an eccentric strip-



teaser with no-sag breasts which she once revealed to the between-courses entertainment at young Jack's bar. His father is a gaunter, open-mouthed character whose name came out of Joshua's inclination to play practical jokes that border on the criminal. Joshua's life comes to an apex of absurdity and breaks when his wife suffers a nervous breakdown and his own body has been and would after a painful case resulting from one of his little "jokes." At the same time, a photographic homosexual correspondence he had with a writer-friend as a lark is linked to the genre, earning Joshua both approval in *Murder* and on the CBC and the support of such unlikely northern bedfellows as "The David and Jonathan Society," a newly formed group of young, caring Jewish figures. "Shalom, coming out is easier with friends."

But he is not only gifted with a fine eye and a sense of truthfulness. Richter is a real writer, which is rare, and even a good writer, which is rarer still. In fact, one is tempted to call him a great writer that it is a puzzle, on reading him once again, that one can't. What does

Sidder lack that distinguishes, say, a Tolstoy?

Simply to be able to ask the question is an indication of the high prize has writing merits. Finding the answer is not easy. Richter may be the stylized Tolstoy, but he is also strong, and certainly a better stylist than other greats such as Steinbeck. Richter's style can be as lush as Swift's and his humor as subtle as LaFontaine's. Ultimately the answer may lie in the focus of the novel: vision of Richter's characters. Heroes of Tolstoyan proportions are defeated in this world because they are too good for it. A little more selfishness and a little less civic conscience would have spared Parre in *War and Peace*. Had Anna Karenina accepted her solitary life with her husband's consciousness or Desdemona's Koshchikovsky simply murdered the old woman in *Crime and Punishment* and shrugged it off, their problems would have disappeared.

The problem of Richter's heroes might disappear if they could only rise above their small selves and fears. Far from being hardened by a moral vision, their actions are pragmatic and calculated to protect their little virtues. This is not simply the problem of the story, talked about phenomenon of the author in contemporary literature. Neither is it a class problem. Richter's lower-class Montreal Jews are still higher on the social scale than the peasant fishermen in Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* or the Irish-American George in Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*. But Hemingway's old fishermen refuses to throw the fish back into the sea in spite of the fact that it is too big for him to catch. He struggles with it as a sign of his manhood. Richter's characters that aspect of humanity missing from Richter's work—nobility of the soul. Richter's Montreal Jews are wedded to the chip-on-the-shoulder pettiness of a life devoid of all nobility. A desperate encounter for them is a human game in which their best loins and values are destroyed by the outward appearance of a golden girl's brother-in-law in casual silk trousers.

While the heroes of great literature are undone by the knowledge of conscience in their souls, Richter's heroes are undone by the constant agony of selecting which knife to use for the knife. This is a distinction crucial to the dimensions of the moral and literary universe that Richter inhabits. It is not crucial to his skill as he is in his novel, as in his right, by Sushko Panova's plight rather than Don Quixote's. But perhaps it is Joshua (at least now and then), with its needs of love and profound self-sacrifice. Richter has begun the search for Don Quixote's soul in Don Quixote's body. Barbara Azzel

JOSHUA THEN AND NOW
MORDECAI RICHLER

Heredity altered, coincidence denied

By David Weinberger

Information like that was found in separate headlines: Jim Springer and Jim Lewis, identical twins adopted as infants into different Ohio families, were reunited after 30 years and found that both had married and divorced, had and then married Betty, both had had dogs named Toy, their sons were named James Allan and James Alan, both worked part-time as deputy sheriffs, their smoking and drinking patterns were almost identical. Even more startling is that they are not the only identical twins reared apart to report such coincidences. Quincy Lewis and Bridget Harrison met for the first time at age 33, each wearing two bracelets on one wrist, a watch and a bracelet on the other, and a total of seven rings. The tale of another such pair, Derek Blaker and Jack Yafe, reads like the premise of a badly conceived morality tale. Stoker was raised as a Hitler Youth in Germany and Yafe as a Jew in the Caribbean. Yet both flash the toilet before using it, dip buttered toast in coffee and enjoy dancing in public.

New scientists at the University of Minnesota, whose study of 35 such pairs has brought out these facts, have to appreciate the coincidental from the significant. Because of the increasing awareness in the scientific community over the years raised—or not raised, according to some detractors—by recent studies such as this, the researchers are sure to find themselves in the midst of a centuries-old controversy. The question in dispute is as fundamental as it is vexing: how much of what we are is due to what we learn and how much are we born with?

This question—traditionally known as the "nature vs. nurture" debate—raises itself today in issues such as intelligence and sex roles. Do we inherit our IQ or does it depend on how we are brought up? Are males innately more aggressive or is this a result of our culture? Identical twins reared apart seem to present a unique opportunity to answer these questions: they come from a single fertilized egg and therefore have exactly the same genes, the complex molecules that contain the "blueprints" by which an organism is constructed; they are the basic units of her-

edity. Since the genes are the same, any differences between twins reared apart should be due to their different environments, says Thomas Bouchard, professor of psychology at the University of Minnesota and head of the project.

However, the scientific community overall is not so confident that the study will sort out what is due to heredity and what is due to environment. All agree with Bouchard that until the Min-

nesota study is completed (they have yet to process another 17 pairs of identical twins), nothing definite can be said. But, says Michael Rose, professor of philosophy and history at the University of Guelph, "if this one [study] does come through, definitely it'll be a very important body of information." However, Ned Block, associate professor of philosophy at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has written that it may be misleading to generalize from what is learned about twins because "children given up for adoption cannot be supposed to be a random sample from the population." In addition, he cautions that such studies can at best shed light only on what causes the differences between twins, not what causes similarities. If they have different political views, it is certain that



Identical twins Jim Lewis (left) and Jim Springer at 33 and at 3 raising new questions in a centuries-old controversy

LARS NORDENFORS FOR TIME



Let's make Terry's run really count.

Here's how you can help make it a ten million dollar run... for only \$2.00 per mile.

1,000 companies each pledging \$2.00 per mile for Terry's cross Canada run will raise ten million dollars to help defeat cancer. We're starting this campaign with our pledge of \$2.00 per mile. Terry hopes to run a total of about 5,000 miles.

Terry Fox is a 21 year old university student from Port Coquitlam, B.C., who lost his right leg to cancer three years ago. Having started in St. John's, Newfoundland, he plans to run across Canada this summer to

Vancouver to prove that cancer can be beaten. Let's help prove he's right.

You can make your pledge at any branch of the Canadian Cancer Society or by phoning Four Seasons Hotels toll free from anywhere in Canada,

800-268-6282.

In Toronto call 445-5031.

We also have pledge boxes in the lobbies of our hotels across Canada for individuals who may also wish to contribute. Every penny counts. A pledge of one cent a mile would contribute \$50.00.

Please help us make Terry's run really count in the battle against cancer.

This message is being published for the Canadian Cancer Society



Four Seasons Hotels

Montreal • Toronto • Ottawa • Belleville • Calgary • Edmonton • Vancouver • Israel • United States
Inn on the Park Toronto • London, England

To your good taste.



The Parker Classic Imperial ball pen in gold electroplate.



The Parker arrow clip. The mark of price and distinction. It's your assurance of impeccable character and flawless performance. Recognized for its contemporary styling and traditional craftsmanship, a Parker pen offers elegance of form and unexcelled function. A recommended gift, a cherished possession.

PARKER

As fine stamps or engravings: Parker Pen-Canada Limited, 9 Cadogan Court, Don Mills, Ont. M3A 1K6

the twins are not caused by their shared genes, but if they have the same political views, the twins' studies will not explain why; it might be just coincidence or it might be the result of common environmental factors.

Boothard and co-worker Irving Getelman, a behavioral geneticist, find the headline-grabbing conclusion intriguing but not as compelling as having found, for example, that some twins have similar headache patterns and



Herman (left) and Lowe: long fingers, hairy rings and an evolutionary explanation.

that some have put on weight simultaneously. Taken together with work done by Ronald Wilson, a psychologist and director of the Louisville, Kentucky, Twin Study, who has been keeping tabs on twins for more than 15 years, this suggests that there are some genetically controlled mechanisms that work on a schedule. Wilson, for example, has found evidence that mental as well as physical development comes in spurts that may be genetically regulated.

A fact such as the concordance number for rings worn by Larsen and Haeuser would be more significant if a high percentage of twins also wear the same number of rings or if there is some way of accounting for the fact within genetic evolutionary theory. None, from the University of Georgia, suggests that a genetic preference for flashy attire (superstarche ensembles are more likely to attract mates and pass on their genes) might account for the twins' preference for many rings. Boothard speculates that since the twins have long fingers—a genetically controlled trait—and since our society values such fingers, the twins are likely to try to draw attention to them. Both explanations make the wearing of many rings significant by fitting it within an accepted theory. But, so far, no one has

Canada's Official Atlas with complete Gazetteer Section

Available at
all good bookstores

It's the Canadian Atlas for everyone!

For the very first time, Macmillan of Canada and the Department of Energy, Mines and Resources are co-publishing the definitive atlas of Canada, the **Canada Gazetteer Atlas**. These are the most current maps of Canada available today. As well, a complete Gazetteer reference section has been compiled with meticulous care and provides the following information:

- 1 Every city, town, village and hamlet of more than 50 residents.
- 2 13,000 physical features, including roads, railways, waterways.
- 3 States, population, and incorporation of urban centres.
- 4 National and provincial parks, military establishments, Indian Reserves, trailer courts.
- 5 Every populated centre or physical feature instantly found and identified with the aid of the unique two-part gazetteer.
- 6 All information based on latest census statistics.

Every family must have this invaluable reference source, and every Canadian houseowner who refers to locations, populations, and place names has to have this Atlas within easy reach.

The **Canada Gazetteer Atlas** is a bargain at \$39.95. Order one now while the first printing is available at this low price!

68 five-colour double-page relief maps, 25 1/2" x 17 1/2", 276 pages

ORDER FORM

Good Books, Box 4664, Station A, 87 First Street West Toronto Ontario M5W 1H5

Please send me ☐ copies of **Canada Gazetteer Atlas** (ISBN 0-7705-1875-1) \$39.95 plus \$2.00 postage and handling.

To
Address

City

Prov Postal Code

I enclose my cheque or money order for \$

or Charges/VISA/Mastercharge #

Expiry Date

Signature

Orders must be received before July 31, 1980

We have a limited number of summer vacations from long ago.



Come and relax at all the fun of the gentle, snow-covered pine. Holiday at our gorgeous scenic major house, and fill the long summer days with sunshine and soft air. Enjoy tennis, golf, spa-sauna, pool-sauna, cycling, entertainment. Go handcraft hunting in the treasured valley. Dance in Sir William's Lounge. Make friends in the Library Bar. Find romance. Feel unapologetic. Feel free! Reserve your old-fashioned holiday early. While they last! Call toll free 1-800-268-9429 (Toronto only 361-1400) or your Travel Agent.

CP Hotels Ltd. The Algonquin

100 Avenue Park Drive, New Richmond, ON L3Y 2K2, (505) 224-8800
Reservations: 1-800-268-9429 (Toronto only 361-1400)

© 1992 CP Hotels Ltd. All rights reserved.

Continuous forms shouldn't mean CONTINUOUS HASSLES

Few problems in business today can be more frustrating or time consuming than "business form breakdown." Yet due to the rapid changes in the hardware — non-imaging printers, microcomputers, automatic handling equipment — "business form breakdown" is on the increase. To avoid "breakdown" in your office, talk to Redi-Set before you buy. Your Redi-Set

representative is a trained expert with an average of 14 years experience, providing continuous and smart forms. If you agree that "continuous forms" shouldn't mean continuous hassles, we can work with you and your people



REDI-SET
BUSINESS FORMS

to provide a system that will serve your needs best. Can we be of service? Call Redi-Set in Toronto at (416) 445-3716 today.

38 Scarsdale Road, Don Mills, Ontario M3B 2B7 (416) 445-3716

Experience and service
for over a quarter of a century.



Researcher testing fetal: finding promise in pairs with similar head-to-pelvis ratios

come up with the reason why there should be a gene carrying the instruction, "Name your dog Tim." It can be nothing but a coincidence, says scientists. Those explain, "There's some evidence that even blondism may be genetic. But this doesn't mean your preference for O'Jays or Lindor is hereditary."

In any case, the whole heredity-environment question may be misleading, according to Black. Despite what most people, and even some scientists, think, Black says, "Something can be coded in the genes and yet be environmentally malleable." Fear of heights may be in-built — but this does not mean we cannot overcome it. Other genetic traits are much more resistant to change. But then, not only genetic traits but even some culturally taught traits are all but malleable. Try, for example, to forget how to read. Just knowing that a trait is innate says nothing about how resistant to change it is.

Nothing demonstrates the confines of innateness with inevitability more clearly than one of the most persistent controversies of the 1970s, one that continues in this decade. Arthur Jensen, a professor of psychology at the Institute of Human Learning, University of California, fired the debate in 1969 by concluding that blacks in the U.S. score 10 points (out of 100) less than whites because of their genes. His recently published book, *How in Mind* (Farrar), attempts to show that the point spread is not due to a cultural bias of the IQ tests.

Every aspect of his case has been attacked. Black and many others say the poorer environment of blacks is quite capable of explaining the difference in test scores. Stephen Jay Gould, professor of biology at Harvard, completely agrees with Black that Jensen is wrong to think that because something is genetic-

ally controlled (if indeed that is the case with IQ) it is not malleable. So, they say, even if blacks score lower on IQ tests for genetic reasons, it would be completely mistaken to conclude that higher education would be "wasted" on them, as some have needed.

The same point about malleability may hold concerning the possible biological basis of different behavior of the two sexes. Typical is a recent book, *The Evolution of Women*, by Sandra L. Bem, a professor of anthropology at the University of California at Santa Barbara. He gives reasons why men tend to be promiscuous and women tend to want more permanent relationships: a man better his chances of passing on his genes if he mates often and with many women, whereas a woman stands a better chance if she attaches herself to a male who will protect her child after birth.

Theories such as these make a splash because of the public, and sometimes self-righteous, as Jensen, says in their political purposes. Traditionally, conservatives have welcomed research that supports the idea that such behavior is innate, because, says Gould, "They take it to mean things are the way they are because people are made that way. It provides a reason not to fight the status quo." Most scientists, however, think the political implications are not clear. Says Black, "There are very few scientists these days who'll be used both ways." Symons agrees and notes that the idea that nothing is innate could be used by the right as well as the left, for it would support the far right's authoritarian ideal of being able to mould people into perfect conformants. But because the nature-nurture question is so dependent on theory, and because as theory has yet been finally established, any new findings will be fiercely contested. Perhaps the chief part of agreement among the anthropologists is that, though the research has a clear-cut political implications, they nevertheless will be drawn. ☐



Osman knows hunger and all its pain...

Osman Conkle: Hungry, hopeless and confused. Family exists on \$3 a month — too little for proper nutrition or shelter. Suffer from constant stomach infections. Does not hope for a better life.

The world's little boys of Free Fire: happy, positive and uncorrupted lives. But there is still hope for little Osman. With the help of someone here in Canada, he could begin to share in the innocence and joys of childhood — if only someone somewhere would care enough.

By becoming a Foster Parent, you can help a needy child overseas gain control over his life. Your small monthly contribution will provide better food, clothing, shelter and medical care. Education will be made available to all family members, and developmental projects such as the building of schools and medical clinics will help move the whole community towards self-sufficiency. By now, Osman will probably have his Foster Parent, but as yet many children are still waiting to be helped — why don't you take a child's life into your hands — it could be the most rewarding thing you've ever done. Please, tell me the answer below, or call our toll-free number.

CALL TOLL FREE ANYTIME 1-800-268-7174

Information will be sent immediately.

PLAN FOSTER PARENTS PLAN OF CANADA	
100 ST. CLAIR AVENUE WEST TORONTO, CANADA M5E 1B9	
I want to be a Foster Parent of a boy <input type="checkbox"/> girl <input type="checkbox"/>	My country <input type="checkbox"/> or where the need is greatest <input type="checkbox"/>
I enclose my first payment of \$100 Monthly <input type="checkbox"/>	\$1000 Cash only <input type="checkbox"/>
\$100 Cash Annually <input type="checkbox"/> \$2500 Annually <input type="checkbox"/>	
I become a Foster Parent right now. However, I enclose my contribution of \$ <input type="text"/>	Please send me more information <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>
Name <input type="text"/>	
Address <input type="text"/>	
City <input type="text"/>	Prov <input type="text"/> Code <input type="text"/>
I wish communication with PLAN to be in English <input type="checkbox"/> French <input type="checkbox"/>	

PLAN operates in: Algeria, Colombia, Ecuador, El Salvador, Honduras, Indonesia, Iran, Kuwait, Morocco, Peru, the Philippines, Sierra Leone, the Sudan and Upper Volta. Foster Parents Plan of Canada is officially registered as a Canadian charitable organization for the purpose of the Income Tax Act. Contributions are tax deductible. 4-02-74



Recreation

Diving bubbles on the rise

By Thomas Hopkins

Of Gabriola Island in British Columbia's Strait of Georgia, two eagles wheel overhead. Below them two scuba divers in flimsy orange dry suits wade to the edge of the dive boat Wet Dreams. Clanking over them like a worried hen is dive master Denney Sawyer, checking gauges on their gas-metal-grey air tanks, nudging the rubber leashes that snake from tanks to regulators in their mouths. Satisfied, he motions them over the side with a feathery hand that flutters-jumping, the divers dissolve in a curtain of bubbles into the cold, bottle-green water of Walcott Cove.

The two, Babbly Brown, 32, and her husband, Dave, 35, are sport divers, and like some 250,000 other Canadians they have graduated from years' worth of diving classes and training in swimming pools to reach today's Canada's underwater world. As in the old American television show *Sea Hunt* which lacked all the diving boom in 1963, the Browns descend with only the soft whistles of air through rubber and rising bubbles breaking the silence. But unlike the one in the old program, their undersea world is a spectacular color, the vivid coral-encrusted edges of an epine dred that their flashlights pick out eloquently, whale breachers stirring amid mounds of dead spruce and agate marine starfish as large as a bicycle wheel.

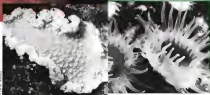
For other Canadian divers the scene might be a sevenscore hunt at Porters Cove Park at Toboosay on Ontario's Bruce Peninsula, or for divers of Aqua Dive Seals, Shop in Dartmouth,



Nova Scotia, it might mean diving on of more than 50 battleship-encrusted wrecks at the mouth of Halifax harbor. But it is the dense brilliant sea life in the cold winter waters of B.C.'s Strait of Georgia that is spreading Canada's reputation as a new diving mecca, particularly among the estimated five million divers in the U.S.

Home of the world's largest octopuses and 80 varieties of shallow-water starfish alone, the nutrient-rich waters around Race Rocks on the south end of Vancouver Island, Seawater Church Narrows on the Sechart Peninsula and the islands around Campbell River are said to be second only to the Red Sea for abundant sea life. In the past few years resort owners such as Jim Price at Powell River's Beach Garden Resort Hotel have laid out the welcome mat in the manner of plush Caribbean resorts, offering dive packages with a qualified instructor during the slack water period. "We expected 600 dive bookings our first year in 1978. We got 1,480," enthuses Price. "This year we expect to have 6,000." Five other B.C. hotels have followed Price's lead and hired diving co-ordinators. This fall a "Scuba Train" is scheduled to leave Montreal and pick up 800 Canadian divers on its way across the country, depositing them in B.C.

What attracts the resort owners is that divers, like skiers, tend to be affluent. They have to be able to afford the \$20-to-\$40-a-day charter boats and the \$1,000 necessary to be properly equipped with tanks, wetsuits and air



Tiger rockfish (left), clown shrimp (top) and orange pool mudfish (above) - the attraction close edge of its open stream

dry suits, fins, masks, depth, pressure and time gauges, inflatable buoyancy compensators and other gear, mardomous knives. Extravagant new scuba gear brands "Lots of Americans arrive outfitted in the latest gear," laughs diving instructor Jim Quail, of Whistler, B.C., "complete with racing stripes and dual exhausts."

Rooted in the crowded "buddy system" of diving two by two, scuba is a gregarious sport. A 12-hour five day class often only results in an hour under the water with the rest spent laughing in the afternoon sun with fellow divers. Divers usually gather at clubs in coastal Canada, while in coastal regions, they with their more rural terrain, there tend to be looser arrangements, often co-ordinated out of the booming diving equipment shops that also train divers. (Historic dive shops grossed an estimated \$5 million last year.) The



Clear with camera gear (top), some scuba equipment (middle) (above) and Taka anyone (right) are element of risk

shop operators represent a variable and often confusing alphabet soup of Canadian and international certifying bodies, including NAUI, PADI, AIDA, BSAC and NAUI. Training techniques, however, are essentially the same and equipment is maintained by air suppliers who demand a valid certification and before tanks can be filled.

To some experienced divers, however, danger is an attraction. "Diving involves an element of risk that's exhilarating," says veteran Ontario diver Graham Wolff. For others it can be deadly. B.C. alone has had 41 accidental diving deaths since 1980, usually caused by divers disobeying the strict basic diving commandments: "You're in trouble against stupidity," says Neil McDermott, editor of Vancouver-based *Diver Magazine*. "If you're a novice the idea that you can go deeper than the next guy is a pile of crap. If you go below 300 feet

you're not being courageous or bold, you're being an idiot."

Diving as sport is less than a generation old. Initially it was always a business. Pearl divers using divers' heads and flippers and Russian salvagers have been known for millennia, but it wasn't until the Second World War that a French naval officer named Jacques Cousteau came to Canadian engineer Rudee Gagnon, then in southern France, and asked him to perfect an underwater long-stroke pressure-reduction valve for Cousteau's highly poisonous air cylinders. The resulting invention was called the Cousteau-Gagnon regulator and has remained basically unchanged at the centre of the scuba diver's system to this day. Following the 1942 development, Gagnon returned to Canada and the first commercial North American regulator was made in Montreal and the term aquanaut coined. By 1967 the first Canadian dive group, The Vancouver Skin Diving Club (with actor Don Francisco as one of the founders), was formed, and with the

1967 success of *Sea Hunt*, Canadian diversification boomed.

Common to all Canadian divers is the sense of cold water. "The main threat to divers in Canadian waters is not attack by sharks," says Jim Quail, "it's hypothermia." Aqua Charters broke new ground. Thanks to timely refinements in cold-water diving techniques developed by Canadian underwater researcher Joe McIlwain in the 1960s, and increasing use of neoprene dry suits, under which divers wear gills and underwear, the discomfort of icy water can be virtually eliminated.

Although sport diving is gaining popularity, there is also a high post-certification dropout rate caused by the expense and flagging interest in response, dive shops now run regular refresher specialty courses in bottle, ice and cave diving, and special photography. "The camera business is now a major part of the dive business," says Les Singer, owner of Toronto's Supreme Divers Ltd., the oldest and largest dive shop in Canada. Waterlight cameras can run from a compact \$200 Nikon to a torch \$2,500 Nikon F system. For photographers and artist Neil McDermott, however, it's diving's variety and sense



of discovery that represent the final pull. At home is the West Coast's ongoing onslaught of brown bull kelp, white mudfishes of delicate as lace, and the chatter of pink swimming anemones, he says. "It's the pleasure of knowing that no one has ever seen this before, of finding, and what's around the next corner."

As divers pop to the surface around the Wet Dreams like toys is a bubble, Deary Saier simply says, "It's the people." Saier and his partners at Port's West dive shop in North Vancouver have just over 1,000 divers like those through the shop's courses, many of whom continue to dive from Wet Dreams charters. He looks around him in satisfaction as he tucks, dropping charges just themselves up the boat's aluminum ladder. "We're a baby of an industry just waiting to take off."

With *Sea Hunt* on Bonnie Palf

A revolution to read, a future to spell out

By Margaret Cannon

Picture a Central American farmhouse, small, cluttered with chickens and a pig. The students, all well into middle age, cluster around a single table. The 15-year-old teacher, pretty and drunk as a tropical fever, chalks the lesson of national hero Augusto Céspedes on the wall: "Saudmos Gloria de la revolución" (Saudmo: Guide to revolution). That kind of lesson has been repeated daily in 30,000 makeshift classrooms since April 1, when Nicaragua declared war on the ignorance and illiteracy affecting 60 per cent of its 2.4 million people. La Guerra de Alfabetización, or the literacy war, will last until September and reach more than 100,000 people. Its battle lines are those of last year's revolution to replace dictatorship with democracy. Its troops are church and foreign aid groups and teen-aged volunteer teachers known as brigadistas. Its objective, says national co-ordinator Ilse Fernanda Cardenal, is nothing less than "to eradicate illiteracy in our country and incorporate the popular masses in the process of reconstruction and national development."

At the best of times, the problems in literacy education are enormous. Canada, for all its resources, has at least 850,000 adult illiterates. These problems are magnified many times in a country less than a year removed from the war that costed dictator Anastasio Somoza, whose family kept Nicaragua in near-feudal conditions for 42 years and left it saddled with \$1.6 billion in debts, a bankrupt treasury and a devastated countryside. Most outsiders assumed production and at least "five-year plans" would have to be the new government's first priority, if it hoped to survive. But the government had another view. "Literacy workers are essential to production," says Pastor Valle-García, Nicaraguan champion of literacy in Ottawa. "Besides, if they can't read, how can they vote intelligently?"

The major problem with the literacy war or crusade, as it is usually called, is not politics but money. To pay the estimated \$25-million cost, an impressive international campaign has been assembled. More than a dozen countries have contributed so far, pooled in mil-



Literacy class (above) proud possessor of literacy-free home (top right), and Canadian kitchen with a revolution

May by Canada, which agreed to use Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA) funds to match those raised by private aid groups. A conference held in Saskatoon on April 6 brought out about 180 such groups, which hope to raise at least \$500,000. Money aside, though, there are the staggering logistics of transporting 80,000 eager brigadistas, along with support personnel, to areas where no roads exist and a bus is any four-wheeled vehicle running. "We need boats and helicopters," growled one frustrated driver in Managua, the capital. During the first weeks of the crusade there were shortages of supplies, teachers and, in remote areas, food. The shortages (now often mentioned as eye-rollers) said one old man in Managua, a rural area north of Managua: "Years of class make it difficult to see these little scrawlers."

But shortages don't faze Henry Cabrera, a 26-year-old brigadista from a middle-class family in Managua.

He's a liberalist. Front and the crux of the issue. There are those, inside and outside the country, who see the crusade as an attempt by the Sandinistas to consolidate their power at the expense of government modernists. This attitude has delayed aid (including Canadian) to the crusade and anger many Nicaraguans. "You people have your George Washington and Lincoln and your wars," says Carlos Medina, an unemployed dock worker in Managua. "What's wrong with us learning about ours? It seems it's only propaganda when we do it. When you teach it, it's called history and democracy."

Arguments over content have followed Freyre's technique wherever it has been used, although it is now in use in most of the world, including the U.S. and Canada. The method, specially designed for rural adult illiterates, is simple, using key words to create sounds which in turn are used to create other words. The vocabulary, instead of the abstract Dick and Jane, is composed of meaningful words used by the students in their everyday lives. For example, a Terceto class of eight Portuguese cleaning women developed a curriculum which began with the word hospital, because several of them had health problems, and soon progressed to building signs, then to family,



Cabrera: a teacher in a propaganda photo

union and minimum wage. The Nicaraguan curriculum includes lessons on freedom of religion, the right to work and the need for austerity to rebuild the country.

While religion and work may not send shivers down evangelical spines, Cuban involvement in the crusade does. Recent press stories alleging that Cubans are fleeing the efforts have infuriated Nicaraguans, who are grateful for Cuban support but critical of Cuba's dependency on the Soviet Union. The support, consisting of 1,200 Cuban elementary-school teachers and 200 doctors plus

some technical advice, was enough to raise North American fears of Cuban hegemony in Central America, and in February stopped \$75 million in U.S. aid to Nicaragua. With or without support, however, success seems assured. The first objective of 70,000 classes has been met, 33,000 more brigadistas are completing training and newly built graves and burning garbage piles attest to the success of the health and sanitation portions of the classes.

On April 28, in the last of Cosepale, one of four pilot projects graduated its first class Sergio Barrios, representing the government, and Carlos, representing the crusade, made speeches and the 17 April campaign ended proudly, albeit with their teen-aged leaders. The lot of the day was provided by Dave McLaughlin and Chris Sheppard of the Terceto TMO, who presented the graduates with starchy buttons bearing the crusade logo. These buttons, part of a donation of 200,000 provided by the U.S. identify literacy volunteers and workers. The graduates showed them off, proof of a difficult battle won. It was a small gesture, but in a country where people put signs on the door proudly proclaiming, THIS HOUSE IS FREE OF ILLITERACY, the message of Canadian friendship was unmistakable. ☺

Treasure Island Rum.



A light, white, mellow tasting rum blended from imported Caribbean rums. Backed by over 300 years distilling experience. At a price you'll treasure.

Hudson's Bay Distillers
After three centuries,
Canadians are still discovering Hudson's Bay.



'Les Femmes d'Alger,' 1967 (left), the artist (above). 'Get It Done a Minute,' 1912: a prodigy who turned prodigious



'Guernica,' 1937: 'No Job,' 1910-12 (below) working through the phases of pain



Art

Picasso—old master of modern

By Philip Monk

Walking through the Public Picasso retrospective New York City's Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) is as if you're on a journey as the Spanish artist's career was exhaustive. An entire museum cleared of all other work, every inch a tribute to the 70-year career of one man who began painting in the 19th century and eventually changed the whole face of art in the 20th. A history of Picasso, the show is also a history of art, the monumentalization of a man who was only too prepared to create a one-man tradition. A protest artist, both joker and old master, revolutionary and bourgeois, he was the supreme force of modern art, one who was, like the myth he became, everything to everyone, especially to himself.

To celebrate and perhaps reinforce that myth, MoMA, marking its 50th anniversary, mounted this four-month exhibit (May 23 through Sept. 30), the largest assembly of Picasso's work ever

and rarely the largest exhibit devoted to the original work of a single artist. Three floors are filled with nearly 1,000 pieces of his art—paintings, sculptures, drawings, collages, prints, ceramics, costume and theatre designs—all testifying to an unending and obsessive productivity. These works, which could fill the lives of a number of lesser masters, are only a fraction of the total oeuvre of this dynamo of creativity. A virtual factory of art, Picasso spawned a name: sale industry comprising lawyers, dealers, curators, dealers and publishers. After his death in 1973, art experts spent more than three years cataloguing the work he left in his three residences in the south of France, a list that included 1,878 paintings, 1,200 sculptures, 2,880 ceramic pieces, 11,000 drawings and sketches and 27,000 prints.

One-third of the exhibit comes from this personal collection, generally agreed to encompass some of his best work. Picasso had a habit of hoarding his favorites and even buying back pieces he had sold earlier, perhaps to

insure the market value. He left no will to accompany his estate (valued officially at \$60 million, unofficially at twice the amount), one last joke to his heirs, and a black eye considering the mass of his "family" tree—his wife, Jacqueline, former mistress, children, legitimate and otherwise, as well as grandchildren. After a six-year legal battle the estate was divided up last year, with 3,488 pieces going to the French government as a settlement for 200 million (more in inheritance tax, nearly 300 pieces of the state's parcel, now on view in New York, will form the basis of the Musée Picasso, due to open in Paris next year).

Picasso's full life is art, beginning as a prodigy and remaining prodigious, as detailed chronologically throughout the museum, from the precocious academic drawings from flower pots and the early paintings of Victorian sentiment, such as *First Communion*, painted at 14, to his final canvases. At 15 he was already an accomplished (if a father, an artist and a teacher, is said to have

unlearned he would not paint again, passing his palette, brushes and colors to his son. By his early 30s the young Picasso was spending much of his time in Paris pursuing the most modern work of Gauguin and Van Gogh, absorbing the bohemian atmosphere of Toulouse-Lautrec's club and dance-hall paintings. But he wrung up this period of apprenticeship with a more traditional approach to the human figure in his popular Blue and Rose paintings, establishing a lifelong inclination of seeing from the radical angle to the conservative and back again.

Never did Picasso have his feet more firmly on the radical side than when he produced the violent, epoch-making *broché* painting, *Les Femmes d'Alger*, in 1888. Influenced by primitive African and Iberian sculpture and the example of Cézanne's fractured perspective and landscapes—and in rivalry with Matisse for the crown of the avant-garde—Picasso, with his peers, miraculously gave birth to modernism. The painting's broad, faceted planes, the modes fractured into slices, were the first signs of redating a canvas to flat planes of color.

Picasso and his ebullient collaborator, Georges Braque, fused themselves the Wright brothers of the art world, and their work took on a laboratory air as they painted at the formal structure of painting.

But for all its radicalism, cubism is concerned with painting studio life: the human figure as the still-life objects do not disappear, completely, but walk whimsically through the deconstructing planes of paint. Picasso can't be accused of destroying the Renaissance tradition single-handedly, but he was a shock trooper, and the reverberations were felt worldwide. The Italian, Spanish and German constructionists, the Dutch de Stijl painters and German Bauhaus artists all took him further, perhaps, than he intended, he himself remained fundamentally conservative, never abandoning the human figure for pure abstraction. Still, art design and the very look of the world would never be the same.

By the beginning of the First World War, Picasso had moved back to the conservative camp. The technological world had supplanted the myth of painting, and he seems to have lost his nerve. He desecrated and tarted up his ethnic canvases with color, no longer investigations, they have the look of paintings for a dining room, paintings to shock, but to please. Near the end of the war he was painting kitsch portraits of his new wife, Olga Koklova, and when the war was over Picasso, like many others, greeted the end of the shock by reverting to a classicism in modern art. The bloodiest artist, Picasso (1881) is classical, but he also returned to the French tradition of Poussin and the Greeks with his elaborate nudes and ballrooms.

While Picasso drifted back and forth, cutting origins and the style with his experimentation, he held at least two great experiences of painters extended the periods of his work, for them, rhyming off like a litany: blue, rose, African, cubist, neo-classical. Yet a full 50 years of his art has no designation but "Picasso," and artists began to pay no attention to him. He seemed to lose that vitality, that sense of challenge and collaboration with those around him, he withdrew into the myth of his Paris studio or the

south of France. Only during the late '20s and early '30s did the tension of the times and his own life produce paintings dramatically original and relevant, culminating in 1937 with *Guernica*, his massive mural lamenting the violence of fascism in the Spanish civil war. It is said to be sent to Spain where it will likely hang in the Prado.

With his stamina, skill, precociousness and longevity, the viewer expects more than a prodigious output. The Picasso myth set in after the Second World War, and he became the artist we know—the man of peace with his dove prints, the 1950s artist, the most-produced modern artist, the arbiter of taste in a technological and warring world. Everything he touched had his signature and could be sold, signed napkins and two-second scribbles turned to gold.

In the end, Picasso put his signature to the whole history of art, eternally parading his precociousness throughout his life in a domain of reworkings of Matisse, Delacroix, Velázquez—simultaneous homage and violence in the spirit of a contest, he had to conquer this for himself, remaining in his image. He used for creativity and he used to make something new every day seemed him to find as his own work instead of advancing, to turn voraciously on the past subjects to support what, in the end, is merely stylistic modernism. Picasso is Picasso—the pejorative term for disingenuous art history courses—becomes the epithet for the unrecognizable oeuvre. ♦

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICITION

- 1 *The Bourne Identity*, Ludlum (1)
- 2 *Pinocchio*, Daley, Acker (2)
- 3 *Random Walk*, Wein (3)
- 4 *Smiley's People*, Le Carré (4)
- 5 *The Day After Tomorrow*, Forsyth (5)
- 6 *Jonathan Hunt and the*, Michael (6)
- 7 *Life Before Man*, Atwood (7)
- 8 *The Bloodline*, Michael, Rose (8)
- 9 *Solo*, Hughes (9)
- 10 *The Teylers*, Atke, White (10)

NONFICITION

- 1 *The Third World*, Toffler (1)
- 2 *Democracy*, McLean (2)
- 3 *Man in Love*, Friday (3)
- 4 *How to Grow Your Money* and *How to Invest*, McLean (4)
- 5 *Investment*, McLean (5)
- 6 *Free to Choose*, Friedman (6)
- 7 *The New York Times*, Toffler (7)
- 8 *The New York Times*, Toffler (8)
- 9 *Confessions*, McLean (9)
- 10 *Man's Second Book*, McLean (10)
- 11 *How to Grow Your Money* and *How to Invest*, McLean (11)
- 12 *How to Grow Your Money* and *How to Invest*, McLean (12)

The play's the thing that captures our king

By Allan Fotheringham

In the waning days of that strange winter election, as the Joe Clark campaign jet dived through the night one of his senior aides acknowledged privately all that Clark people were taking great pains to deny. It was some 10 days before the end, the battle was obviously lost. The senior brain, struggled in legal hopelessness "Joe Clark is just like a Holiday Inn. No surprises."

The conservative description of the sentiment of the Canadian voters' view of the Tory leader is underlined indubitably in one of the most striking pieces of theatre to appear on a Canadian stage. Linda Griffiths, a brilliant 36-year-old who is knocking the country on its ear with her emotional and searing *Magpie* and *Pierre*, correctly tells us all why Mr. P.E. Beauregard is back on the throne: he's an unpredictable rogue in a country of dullards and poor Joe is holiday Inn. We like to think that deep-dish political philosophy matters. I would like to think so. Linda tells us otherwise. We do really like soap operas devoted to Susan Drive. Other jurisdictions have to get up with deficits on the tiny screen. Ottawa, once again after the blip of history of poor Joe, provides the real stuff, human tragedy, viable, well-laps.

Linda Griffiths, a product of Theatre Passe Muraille, is currently sending those ideologues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre with her one-person depiction of national angst: a country's love-hate affair with a couple who have bounced, like a Ping-Pong ball, from Flies to People magazine. Her show *Pierre* (and *Magpie*) runs in Toronto, has been held over in Vancouver (where Margaret Trudeau's estranged parents were viewers one night) and is headed for Ottawa, and—quite obviously—Broadway in the future. It's that good.

The reason why is what is so juicy. *Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for the PP News Service.*

Linda Griffiths, a Montreal kid perpetually beyond her years, wrote this as well as playing the only three roles: Magpie, Pierre and the Bogart-trench-coated reporter, a distillation of three current Ottawa Press Club barstools. What she does is turn her and reports on the audience—reminding the voters who were duped, for all years now, in the fortunes of an heroic figure one was not likely to bump into on howling night. When he gifted us with his deas



ex machine presence in 1968, Linda reminds us, "New York was jealous—because he spoke French." A member of the ruling class who chose to rule as a member of the ruling class. The degrading cynicism of a certain segment of 60,000 suburban liberals in Trudeau ("now we feel inferior to you") is well recorded. But what is most telling, from this angelical young lady who spent a year researching and sniffing around Ottawa for the Magpie-Pierre arena, is that they are victims of a society starved for believe-drops of Canada.

Canadians, in the realm of emotions, are essentially vapours. They are over-sensitizers. They would rather Magpie and Trudeau provide some surrogate to masquerade as their role models. Magpie and Pierre, as Linda Griffiths proves wittily, was a national pep show. The Bogart sends advice Trudeau ask to marry the 32-year-old Margaret. "Christ, sorry, woman voter in the country thinks you're about to climb in her window."

Griffiths wringed in strength. Could one imagine a stage list about Tricky Dicky and Part Jerry Ford and the bossy Betty who owed her husband's bed "as often as possible" were just too middle-class Michigan. Too and has Jeep driver are now victims of tasteless hypocrisy. 1984, we now know, had the world's longest-standing girl-friend 20% we will not mention since Gay Talese has self-searched him. Churchill we will believe, since he wrote, after musing his beloved Ontario, that he "loved happily ever after." It has never occurred to Canadian before to imagine our sedate politicians leading the boards in re-created melodrama.

John Buckman's George Brown? Joey Smallwood, perhaps, tap dancing with a cane, or Sir John A. played by W.C. Fields. Not Robert Bourassa's Mackenzie King and his close politics merged with Laan? Linda Griffiths, borrowing beneath our November dreams, plays out both the desiring, millionaire intellectual vixens and the liberated—dope-smoking flower child and says, to the audience of Vancouver patrons eager for some scandal, "If you don't believe in that, what do you believe in?"

The problem is that we believe in very little. The dream died. Canoeist North sank in the swimming pool Margaret, leaning on her elbow in bed and accounted at Pierre's naive and uncertain pronouncements on how he was going to reform "Canadian" institutions, remembered how that "who is Ottawa?" suspects—a decade after the pillow-Pierre realizes how right Linda (aka Margaret) was. He has settled into the mask, a victim of Liberal/Greifman right think, while maintaining his director position in the Back Little of politicians.

At one stage, Linda Griffiths, in her searing representation of Trudeau, says, "I don't know if I say these things because I believe them or because I just like hugging people." Linda detects what we suspect Joe Clark now knows. He's a victim of shortsightedness—the guy across the aisle who is living a soap

Premium

The reward of craftsmanship.



Each craft has its own reward. The violin maker is rewarded by the exquisite beauty of his instrument and the richness of its tone. And so it is with Alberta Premium Canadian Rye Whisky. The reward is in the tasting. In each craft, the careful selection of wood is so important. Mellowed to mildness and maturity in seasoned oak casks. Premium is a special achievement in the craft of making whisky.

Reward yourself. Try Premium.

Worthington Tanner talks about Gin and Tonics.



Is it true that one gin and tonic is very much like another gin and tonic?

"No. That's absolutely false. One has the idea that because their drink is a mixed drink then it can be rather haphazardly thrown together."

And you disagree? *"Vehemently! If your drink is a gin and tonic, then it should be treated with the same amount of respect one would give one's self."*

And how do you do that? *"Always start with the right size glass."*

"Too large a glass will drown the gin. Too small a glass will drown the tonic." What's the right size?

"Allowing for 3 medium sized ice cubes, I've found 8 ounce glasses to be the most appropriate."

So you start with the right size glasses. Then what? *"Then it's important to choose a good tonic. All too many people choose tonic because it's rather less expensive, or because it has a famous name. That's the wrong way for one to do it."*

How do you choose a good tonic? *"Taste. Taste it on its own. These days most tonics are sweet, like pop. But a good tonic has a bittersweet taste. Slightly more bitter than sweet."*

And that's how you do it? *"Not quite. You've forgotten the single most important thing."*

Which is? *"The gin. One can hardly make a good tasting gin and tonic without the good taste of a good gin."*



Gilbey's. The good taste of a good gin.